

THE SATURDAY

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

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EDMUND DEACON,
HENRY PETERSON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

THE UNKNOWN FRIEND.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CHAPTER III.

The Count de Rosenheim lived a very retired life; he passed for a morose and disappointed man. The death of his wife, whom he had dearly loved, added to a political disgrace which had fallen upon his family, had caused him to withdraw almost entirely from the court and the world. He amused himself by superintending the education of his daughter Constance, who was then in her eighteenth year. The reputation of the young Countess, for beauty, talent, wit and fortune, had already gained her many suitors; but the Count did not appear disposed to make an early choice of a son-in-law. He adored his daughter, and feared a separation from her.

These details were already well known to Frederic, so that one may conceive the feelings with which he entered the Count's elegant residence.

"Whom shall I announce, sir?" asked the servant, who met him in the ante-chamber.

"The Baron Frederic de Neuberg."

The man bowed, and passed into an inner room, the door of which he accidentally left open, so that Frederic, while approaching it, could distinctly hear the result of his message.

"The Baron Frederic de Neuberg!" replied the Count, in a sharp tone. "I do not know the gentleman! What is he?"

"A young man, my lord, who appears very well."

"Pshaw!—what does he want?"

"I do not know, my lord; he asked to see me if not inconvenient—he said."

"Confound him! but let him enter. Hold, first arrange this."

This preamble was very little encouragement to Frederic. He turned pale, and felt his knees tremble under him; but it was too late to recede. He endeavored to rally and to regain his composure. The servant reappeared, and, holding the door open, made him a sign to enter. Frederic took courage, and passed into the Count's cabinet.

The Count was within, at the farther end. He was tall and thin, with a bold forehead and a slight stoop. His features had an expression of severity, that at once struck Frederic; and his piercing eye upon the young man seemed to read his every thought. His slightly contracted brow, and haughty lip, showed plainly enough that the visit was ill-timed, and that he would seize the first pretext to shorten it. He made one step towards Frederic, and then stopped. The latter bowed respectfully, and in raising his head again met the cold and haughty look that made him shudder; his color changed rapidly, and he involuntarily placed his hand upon the medal as if to convince himself he had not lost it. The Count replied by a slight inclination of the head, and a gesture of the hand, but did not speak. Frederic's embarrassment redoubled, but he felt it was necessary for him to speak; the Count evidently expected him to commence the conversation.

"I ask your pardon, my lord Count," said he, in a voice that trembled in spite of himself, "if my visit is inopportune. I should be grieved to intrude upon your kindness, and I should sincerely regret my boldness, if I knew that it interrupted any more important occupation."

Saying these words, Frederic raised his eyes toward the Count, and saw with joyful surprise that the severe and dissatisfied look had gradually cleared away, and that his whole countenance wore a more agreeable aspect.

"I shall be always pleased to see you, sir," the Count replied, with coldness indeed, but with none of the haughtiness which his first reception portended, "and shall doubtless deem your visit far from inopportune, when I know its motive." And he ceased speaking, pointing politely to a seat.

Frederic bowed his thanks, greatly embarrassed to find a suitable answer to this implied question.

"When I know its motive," repeated the Count, mechanically, and as if pursuing the train of some other thought, while his eyes, fixed upon the young man, expressed great and evident surprise. "But in truth! he said, with sudden emotion. "Those features! Yes; it is a striking resemblance! Are you the young Frederic de Neuberg?"

"Good!" thought the young man, "he seems to forget that my name was mentioned!"

"Certainly, my lord Count, I am Frederic de Neuberg."

"Ah! good Heaven, what a resemblance!"

"Truly, my young friend, you are the exact likeness of your charming mother."

"My young friend," thought Frederic, almost leaping from his seat, "oh, talisman!"

"I am indeed very glad to see you," continued the Count, kindly, and extending his hand—"tell me, I beg you, why you have not visited me before."

Whatever reliance Frederic might have upon this talisman, he certainly had not the slightest expectation of so rapid a change. His joy, in being received in this manner by the father of Constance, was so lively, that he could only respectfully press the hand extended to him, and murmur a few words which his agitation rendered inaudible.

"I should certainly be displeased with you," added the Count, who perceived his embarrassment, and could not help smiling. "and I should severely censure your neglect of your friends, if I did not perceive that you yourself already regret it."

"Most assuredly, my lord Count," replied Frederic, in a voice almost stifled by joy, "if I could have hoped for so favorable a reception

—if I could have imagined the kindness you have shown me, I would not have delayed, even for a moment, to present myself to you, and assure you of my devotion; but—"

"But," interrupted the Count, smiling, "you were kept away by some other attraction, of which you, like all other young men, have doubtless many; and so forgot the old friends of your family—that is not right, but we will say no more about it; we will not rake up the past—what are you doing now? Still studying at the University?"

This question put Frederic at his ease. The past was a dangerous subject, to which he knew not how to reply; but the turn the conversation now took was easy and pleasant. It was lively, long, and animated, and either the virtue of the talisman, or his own wit and manners, made Frederic an acceptable companion to the Count.

"Listen, my young friend," said the latter, at length, rising and interrupting a moral and philosophical digression, "we will drop this subject for to-day. I do not wish, however, to dismiss you—quite the contrary—but at all events, when you do go, I hope it will be only to go into the garden."

While speaking, she passed her arm within that of the young man, who, strongly moved by this unshod-for familiarity, pressed it lightly to his heart.

Baron Grossenstein approached. He was a short, stout man, of about fifty years of age, whose restless eyes denoted much vivacity—and whose look, at once cunning and cold, inspired an involuntary antipathy.

"How!" said he, with a polite air to Constance, "are you about to flee from me, my charming young lady?"

"Sir!" replied Constance, in embarrassment; and not knowing what to say, she looked to Frederic, as if imploring his assistance.

"I do not think it is the young lady's intention to shun you, sir," said Frederic, smiling—but I am leading her away; she has promised to show me the gardens—and I pray her to perform that promise."

"Indeed!" replied the Baron, with a contemptuous tone and a provoking glance, "it is you, then, whom I am to thank for this!"

"At your pleasure, my lord Baron," Frederic hastily replied.

Constance, frightened, pressed instinctively toward him. This scene had not escaped Count de Rosenheim, who was watching all three from a little distance.

"Frederic," said he, laughing and advancing, "I did not know your taste for horribleness. Come, I will show you my terrors."

He took the arm of the young man, and looked at his daughter, who resumed her seat, and bussed herself with her embroidery. Frederic made an involuntary movement, as if to place himself again between her and Grossenstein, but the Count drew him away with a gentle violence. Frederic bowed in silence, saluted Constance respectfully, and passing before the Baron, accompanied M. de Rosenheim into the ante-chamber. There the Count extended his hand—

"Till we meet again, my young friend," said he to her; but do not be so much of a stranger; come and dine with us to-morrow."

Frederic, confounded, pressed the Count's hand, and murmur his thanks, withdrew.

When he gained the street, it seemed to him that everything was unstable; that the houses were dancing around him. He pressed his hand to his forehead, as if to convince himself he still retained his reason; that he was awake; that he was not the dupe of some fantastic dream. So, he was the friend of Count de Rosenheim, who had spoken to him of his family, who had introduced him to his daughter, who had invited him to his table! Constance, too, had called him Frederic—had taken his arm! Ah, it was an event replete with happiness and amazement! He began to run, as if to dispel by rapidity the excess of joy that almost overwhelmed him. He did not re-enter the "Golden Lion" until evening.

Scarcely had he passed the threshold, when a waiter stopped him—

"My lord Baron," said he, "here is a packet which was left for you."

"I thank you," replied Frederic.

It was a small packet and a letter. The letter contained these words—

"I am pleased with you, Frederic; you have fulfilled my intentions, and I think I have also satisfied yours. But the enjoyment of the present is not sufficient; we must also look to the future. The future, as you yourself said, depends upon courage and labor.

"The place of Counsellor Inspector of the Prince's domains is vacant. Go and ask for it. Address yourself personally to the Minister, in whose gift is, Baron de Grossenstein."

"The deuce!" thought Frederic, "and our quarrel of to-day!"

The doors were suddenly thrown open, and he became silent.

—If you could have done so! What has prevented it for more than a year, that—"

Constance suddenly felt her imprudent vivacity; she ceased speaking, and blushed deeply.

"That is true!" cried Frederic, "for more than a year I have sighed for the happiness I now enjoy—for more than a year—"

The doors were suddenly thrown open, and he became silent.

—If he makes any difficulty, I send you a talisman that will bring him to reason."

and replied in a tone of mock humility, at the same time amusing himself by turning the ring round and round upon his finger.

"I shall owe you a debt of deep gratitude, my lord, for the ready willingness with which you are about to expedite my nomination. I await this slight token of your usual and habitual kindness."

"Sir!" replied the minister, endeavoring to regain his composure, "I do not rightly understand why you presume upon the position of that ring

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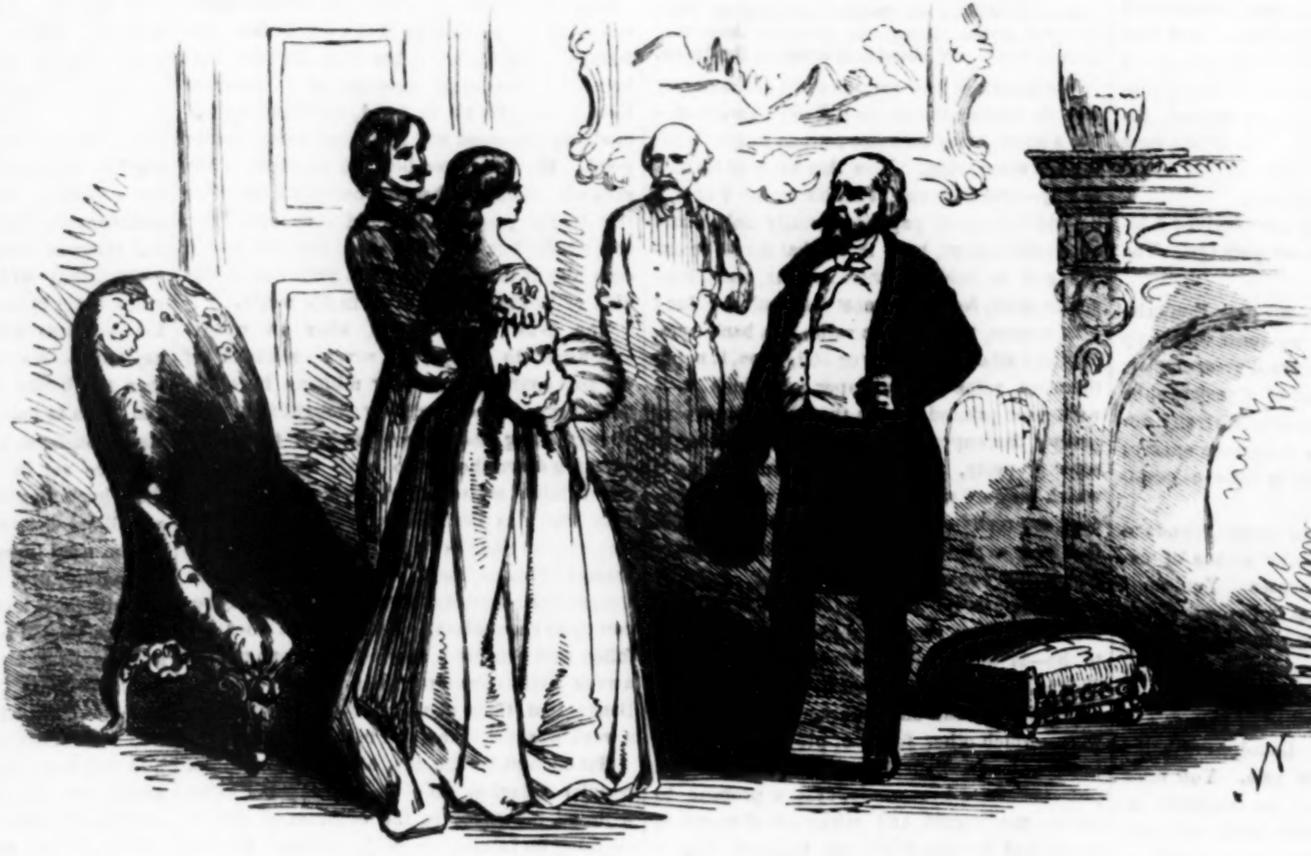
EVENING POST.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1852.
WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED 1852.

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THE ENTRANCE OF BARON GROSSENSTEIN.

"Enter, my lord Baron, I pray you," said Count Rosenheim, "I am delighted that you have deigned to honor us with this visit."

"Good Heaven," said Constance, suddenly, who had become deadly pale, "that man again; I detect him. Frederic, I beseech you, save me from this visit—give me your arm, and let us go into the garden."

While speaking, she passed her arm within that of the young man, who, strongly moved by this unshod-for familiarity, pressed it lightly to his heart.

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"I will take note of it immediately. His highness shall be informed, and I doubt not will be well satisfied with your earnest zeal."

The private secretary himself appeared also much pleased with the frank and polite demeanor of Frederic, and when the young man rose to depart, he conducted him into the ante-chamber with so marked an attention, that the numerous applicants in attendance there regarded him as a most important personage, and envied him accordingly.

"Take the address of Baron de Neuberg, Counsellor Inspector," said the secretary to one of the clerks. Then with a polite bow, "Adieu, Baron, till Saturday."

Frederic saluted him and departed.

In the meantime, Baron Grossenstein had written in all haste the following note—

"Amelia! The devil has risen, the devil is unchained! We are upon the brink of the infernal abyss. I must see you. Come quickly, and bring Ludolph. BARON DE G."

And he sent it to the Marchioness de Zeff, the Prince's favorite. After this he went immediately to the palace. Upon his entrance he met the private secretary.

"As to the rest be wise and prudent—the Prince loves the company of the young. He is gay and affable; try to see him, and to speak with him. Your duties, in which he interests himself, will make that easy. You will please him, I am sure, and then your enemies will be obliged to be circumspect in their attacks.—Constance," said he, to his daughter, who now approached them, "M. de Neuberg has communicated to me some news which he had hitherto concealed. He is appointed Counselor for Inspector of the Domains."

"Counselor?" repeated Constance, smiling, at twenty-two! That is excellent!" She made him a low bow. "At last we shall have a counsellor without a wig!"

Her father laughed at her sally, and the conversation turned aside by her pleasantness, concluded in this tone—

"An idea has just struck me," said the Count at last. "Let us go to the park. Constance, get yourself ready. You can ride?"

He asked of Frederic.

"Yes, tolerably," replied the young man, with a modesty not quite sincere.

"Good! I will mount you on horseback, and we will accompany you on the carriage. I depend upon meeting the Marchioness de Zoff; you must attract her attention, approach her, and pay your court to her in such a manner as to convince her that you wish nothing better than to change the trio to a quartette. But above all, you must not let it appear that you know us. I warn you that we are in bad repute at court."

During this conversation, Constance made her appearance, equipped for the ride, and they set out.

"We are fortunate! There is the Marchioness," said the Count; "look at that elegant carriage—she is there, with Ludolph and another. Haste to her side, young cavalier, and," he added, in a lower tone, "be courteous and gallant."

Frederic replied by a bow, and galloped off. He gradually approached the carriage of the Marchioness, curling his fiery steed with masterly skill, and doing all in his power to attract her attention.

Amelie de Zoff had been, and still was, beautiful. She was one of those women, few, indeed, in number, against whom time seems powerless, and who contend with him with so much art and success, that they conceal, if they do not altogether efface, all traces of his course. Dazzling at a distance, fascinating when near, he hesitated to attribute the graces they possessed to aught else than the freshness of youth, which, however, has long since fled them. Amelie was not young; but no one thought her old. She had seen more than thirty years—perhaps forty—and it might be even more—no one knew, and no one cared to know.

Such was the impression she made upon Frederic, and on his part, he had been closely observed by the Marchioness. The pleasing appearance of the young man, his elegant form, and the address with which he managed his horse, drew upon him the scrutinizing glance of the great lady.

"Who is that young man?" she asked, "I have never met with him anywhere."

"Nor I," replied Ludolph; "he is probably some nameless adventurer."

"Not so," interrupted the third person, who was no other than the private secretary. "He is Baron Frederic de Neuberg, lately appointed Counsellor Inspector."

"Ah!" cried the Marchioness, with a movement of lively surprise. "That—that young man!"

Frederic, in the meanwhile, had been gradually approaching the carriage, and having recognized the private secretary, and remembering the advice of Count de Rosenheim, determined upon making a bold stroke. He rode close to the carriage, and said in a tone at once gay and respectful—

"Sir Secretary, I come to ask you to do a signal service, for which I shall be eternally grateful."

"Willingly, Counsellor, if it is in my power."

"I burn with the desire to offer my respects to the Marchioness de Zoff. As I have not the honor of being known to her, I beg of you to give me an introduction."

At the same time he bowed gracefully to the beautiful Marchioness.

"In truth, Counsellor, the task you give me is no difficult one; the Marchioness already knows your name, and therefore—"

"And therefore," she interrupted, smiling, "the introduction is already made."

"It remains, then, to learn if it be favorably received, and if I may hope that my homage is acceptable."

"It seems that you doubt it; then?"

"I am too anxious not to fear."

"Very well replied! Modesty is always becoming to young people. But I confess I did not suspect you capable of it."

"I—and why not?"

"Because I have heard that you are very bold."

"Possibly—I know of but one thing that could alarm me."

"And what is that?"

"The frown of a beautiful woman."

"That is something. Well, we have made a good beginning!"

The conversation continued in this piquant tone, and became as animated as possible. The carriage was driven at a slow pace, and Frederic, managing his horse with one hand, supported himself by the other, leaning upon the door of the carriage, and towards the lady.

This lasted for some time; at last they separated. The Marchioness and her party returned to the palace, and Frederic rejoined at a gallop the carriage of Count de Rosenheim, who was driving back to his own residence.

"Well, young cavalier!" said the Count to him, "the battle was well fought. I watched you from a distance; you must have been quite charming!"

"You are amassing yourself at my expense," replied Frederic.

"Not so; I give you but your due praise, my friend. I am well satisfied, and I predict you will make your way at court."

Constance was silent, and appeared sad. All Frederic's efforts to recall her gaiety were useless. She merely directed to him a glance of discontent, and when she alighted from the carriage, left him with a grave adieu.

"Good heaven! my dear Count!" said the youth, in great agitation, "I fear that I have

offended, but unknowingly and unintentionally, your beautiful daughter. May I presume to ask you to explain to her the manner in which I have acted this evening, and the motives of my conduct?"

"Be satisfied, Frederic," the Count laughingly replied; "I will take care to tell her that you acted by my advice, and that I am well pleased with your conduct. Let me see you again soon."

He extended his hand and rejoined his daughter.

Frederic regained his hotel, overwhelmed by a crowd of different emotions. He saw himself driven into a career that was beset with unseen obstacles and dangers, against which he was every moment liable to stumble; he felt himself to be the principal actor in a dramatic mystery, the denouement of which he alone was ignorant, and obliged to improvise his own part, while all the others improved well acquainted with theirs. He in vain endeavored to solve the motives of that hidden power that had raised him to his present height, whence a single act of imprudence would inevitably precipitate him. The longer he pondered the greater seemed the mystery, his efforts were useless, and he therefore endeavored to forget it in the enjoyment of the present.

On the following morning he received a second letter and an enormous package. The former ran thus—

"I owe you every praise, my dear Frederic. You have succeeded; but we must not sleep upon success. You have incurred great enmity. Grossenstein seeks the hand of Constance, he will pardon neither your successful rivalry nor your appointment. He is a dangerous enemy; always armed, and go out as little as possible alone."

"I advise you to seek your former friends at the University. Give them the means of enjoyment, and defray the expenses. You must have a carriage and a servant in livery. Go to Muhlenberg and demand one thousand florins from him; he will give them without difficulty."

"You have begun well with the Marchioness. Continue your game, and make her believe you willing to play the part of Ludolph, with the advantage of youth on your side. You must please the Prince. I send you complete instructions for the proper discharge of your duties as Inspector. The portions marked with red ink are the most important; you must study them diligently. The Prince interests himself in these details; you will find there his own views and opinions, which were opposed by the late Inspector. Make yourself well acquainted with them, and detail them to him with confidence. It will delight him. As to the rest, I see that I can trust to the sagacity of your judgment, and the readiness of your wit. Consequently this will suffice for the present."

"I will write again before the reception. Count upon your friend, M. C. R."

This letter gave Frederic ample cause for reflection.

"Be armed!—not to go out alone! It seems to me he ought to send me another talisman to render me invulnerable, or at least some sovereign balm, for the preservation of life. But I must follow his counsel, get around me a bodyguard of students, and study those abominable pages."

After this reflection, he went to the banker Muhlenberg, who already knew of his appointment, and who counted out to him the money required, observing, with a laugh, that it was in advance of the first quarter of his salary. Provided with the money he returned to the Golden Lion.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

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All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is \$2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union with exception.

The POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something to adapt to their peculiar liking.

Bank numbers of the POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsman in Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for them, these numbers will not be paid for until the 1st of January.

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LETTER FROM PARIS.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Paris never appears more brilliant than when the bachelor has been for a few weeks on the other side of the Channel. Magnificent as was the weather during the recent flying visit of your Paris Correspondent to England, no sooner had I ^{as} landed on French soil than the astonishing clearness and sparkling brightness of the atmosphere of this country asserted their superior claim to admiration almost more vividly than ever. The intense blue of the sky, so much deeper than in England, does not seem to be made up of one uniform substance as in England; but rather to be formed of countless shining and sparkling atoms dancing in the floods of living sunlight that pour down through the transparent ether. Between two equally fine summer days on the opposite sides of the Channel there is always the same difference between champagne in effervescence and champagne without the bubbles; and the effect of the two atmospheres on the character and temperament of those submitted to their influence, are precisely analogous to those of champagne under the two opposite conditions just mentioned. No wonder, therefore, that the French experience an unwonted depression of spirits when they find themselves in "that heavy London," or that the English are getting so rapidly into the habit of preferring a month's stay in the delicious air of Boulogne, Etretat, Trouville, and Dieppe, to the usual summer visit to the heavier atmosphere of Ramsgate, Margate, Brighton, and other English watering-places so long in repute on the other side of the water.

Just now, everybody who can get to the country has deserted the town; and while, in the figurative language of our newspaper chroniclers, "the grass is beginning to spring in Piccadilly," Paris is deserted by the Parisians, and though full of strangers, is about as dull as a place can be. But if English life seem dull in comparison with the brilliant activity, and out-of-door existence of France, the social and rational life of the latter seems dull indeed after that of England. The simple fact is, that in France, whatever is not definitely permitted by the law is held to be prohibited, while in England, whatever is not forbidden by the law is held to be permitted, explains the ceaseless activity of the latter country, and the sort of atony that pervades society here. All the activity of the French is excited by personal motives, and limited to personal aims. There is really no national life here; no steady, organized attempt to carry on the grand reforms, and to reach the noble aims, which excite so deep an interest in Anglo-Saxon communities all the world over. The French have no idea of doing otherwise than leaving all general interests in the hands of the Government; if they don't like the Government, they rise up in mass and overthrow it, no matter at what cost; but they have no great convictions, no faith in steady effort and gradual growth, no national party. There is nothing here in any way analogous to the noble efforts that have been made of late years in England for the education of the rising generation, and for the instruction of laboring adults. One part of the French people desires to see the right of suffrage placed at once, and without any qualification, educational or pecuniary, in the hands of every adult male; the other part, very naturally, considers such a measure as injurious; but neither of them has the slightest idea of setting on foot any large plan for educating and instructing the mass of the people. And so with regard to the questions of taxation, of the tariff, of divorce, &c. There is no general agitation of great questions, and consequently no general enlightenment, no national conviction with regard to them. In physical science, in artistic industry, and in matters of taste and amusement, the French are as active and pre-eminent as ever; but they seem to have abdicated all those rights of self government for which their Gaulic forefathers fought so heroically in the Middle Ages, and which only the Anglo-Saxon race have still at heart in modern days. And how should it be otherwise, seeing that one cannot pass from one French commune to another without a permit; that you are stopped at the entrance of every town, and obliged to "declare" what you have in your travelling-bag, and to pay duty on anything eatable or drinkable you happen to have bought during your rambles; that meetings of above a certain number cannot be held without permission from the police, and that *gens d'armes* mount guard at the doors of the theatres and concert-rooms, and not only display their uniform and bayonets at the entrance of the churches, but actually mount guard, musket in hand, on the steps of the altar while mass is being said.

True, all this is the work of the Government; but would any such government be tolerated, may, felt to be necessary, by any Anglo-Saxon community?

The court being absent from Paris—the Emperor at the Camp of Chalons, where the Duke of Cambridge is paying him a visit, and the Empress at Biarritz, where she makes frequent excursions upon her native soil, and has attended two or three full-bill's, to the great disgust of her adopted country—and the worlds of fashion and letters being dispersed, until cooler weather brings them back, the papers, having almost exhausted their rhetoric on the subject of India and the Principalities, are coming out with biographies, statistics, learned discussions, and gossip, not knowing which way to turn for matter to fill their hungry columns. Thus we learn that the Austrian army, according to the latest official returns, consists of 62 regiments of the line, 12 Frontier regiments, 1 battalion of Frontier Infantry, and 1 regiment of Light Infantry; 25 battalions of Chasseurs, 3 Sanitary Inspections, and 14 Invalid Companies; 6 companies of Discipline, 8 companies of Cuirassiers, 8 of Dragoons, 12 of Hussars, 12 of Uhlan; 12 regiments of heavy Artillery, 1 regiment of Coast guard Artillery, 1 regiment of gunners; 12 battalions of Engineers; 1 staff-battalion, 1 corps of Pioneers, 1 corps of Marines, 19 regiments of Mounted Guards; several corps of Transport, and of Dranght. The Supreme Military authority resides in, 1st, the Military Chancery of the Emperor; 2nd, the Superior Command, of which the Archduke William is at the head; after which come the various commanders of Divisions; and lastly, the military rulers of Territorial divisions.

THE COLD BEFORE SUNRISE.

To the same dearth of political intelligence, we owe the following statistics with regard to the printing department in this lively country, so much fond of talking than of reading. France possesses 1,057 printing-establishments, and 1,062 newspapers of all kinds. The ten departments which possess the greatest share of printing establishments, are those of the Seine, the Nord, the Lower-Seine, the Pas-de-Calais, the Herault, the Calvados, the Gironde, the Upper-Garonne, the Rhone, and the Bouches du Rhone. The average gives 12 printing-houses to each department. The departments which issue the greatest number of newspapers are those just enumerated as containing the largest numbers of printing-establishments, with the addition of the Loire and Loire, and the Lower Rhine. The employment of printing occupies in this country 9,500 compositors. Of these Paris counts 2,600; Lyons, 120; Bordeaux, 116; Marseilles, 112; Lille, 120; Toulouse, 102; Rouen, 90; Tours, 80; Nantes, 78; Strasbourg, 64; Besancon 60; Aix-en-Provence, 54. There are about 3,000 journeymen printers, 900 correctors, porters, and clerks, and 350 messengers employed throughout the country. The printing-establishment of Mame & Co., Tours, possesses 22 presses, and prints 350 reams per day. The number of works printed yearly in France, is about 8,000; exclusive of stereotype printing, of which no returns have been made. The yearly amount of printing is valued at an average of five millions of dollars. Of this sum, the printing done in Paris, amounts, according to the renowned collector of statistics, M. Horace Say, to about three millions and a quarter, or thirteen-twentieths of the whole amount.

Sundry details are also given with regard to the French post-office, which, with the exception of its general carelessness with regard to newspapers and pamphlets, and its disagreeable way of occasionally opening and stopping the correspondence committed to its care, is very well organized, its transmission of letters being, in general, rapid and safe. By one of the recent mails there arrived at Marseilles no less than 150,000 ordinary letters, 10,000 letters of the class called *lettres charges* (on which a small extra postage is paid to ensure extra care in their delivery), a receipt being given to the sender by the post-office official, and another receipt being taken of the recipient by the postman on delivering it), and 73,000 newspapers. Fifteen post office omnibuses were required to convey this enormous mass of paper from the railway-station to the post office. The contents of this nail, which reached Marseilles at two in the morning, were sorted, and delivered, by eight o'clock.

The latest bits of gossip floating here are about the Camp of Chalons, and the doings of his majesty the Emperor in connexion therewith. It appears that, just two months ago, the Emperor sent for the directors of the Strasbourg railway and told them that he wanted a branch way laid down at once to the Camp of Chalons, which is about twenty-seven miles from the town with which it has hitherto communicated by the most execrable cross-roads, that required eight hours' hard pulling to get you over. The directors promised to make the branch, but said it would be impossible to get it done before next year.

"Messieurs," replied the Emperor, in his impassable way, "I want the branch for immediate use, and I must have it. You have sixty days for surveying the ground, making the necessary appropriations, and making the line. In sixty days you will open this branch, and continue the working of it until the breaking up of the camp. Good-morning, Messieurs."

The Emperor then turned away and left the room; the Directors looked at one another in consternation, and went off to their head-quarters, fully aware that the thing must be done. And so it was; and is now just opened, to the great delight of all whose business or pleasure take them to the camp. As to the Emperor, he has availed himself of this new facility to make a hasty visit to Paris and his lady-love, the beautiful Countess de Castiglione (whose relations with the Emperor are now openly avowed), leaving the camp on Saturday afternoon, and getting back on Sunday morning, exactly in time to attend mass, with every appearance of the utmost devotion, at the head of the army.

The Empress, meantime, is said to be devoured by jealousy and grief, which she tries in vain to forget in throwing herself into every sort of gaiety and amusement; and those who have the opportunity of judging of what is going on at Biarritz, assert that at times, she cannot control the mania of her ladies by appearing with a very white face and very red eyes.

The poor little woman is not the first who has bartered happiness for splendor; and would be learning, by bitter experience, how great a mistake is involved in such a bargain. The Emperors of France and of Russia are positively to meet in Stuttgart. The former will be the guest of the King, the latter of the Princess Royal. A soiree at the Princess's villa, at which only herself, the King, and their Imperial guests will be present, will afford a first meeting to the latter. A grand dinner, given next day by the King, will be followed by other meetings, as the Emperor Napoleon, who is expected to reach Stuttgart on the 25th of this month, will probably remain until the 28th. It is now asserted that the two Emperors will not be present at the interview.

QUANTUM.

THE TURAN.—An Indian writer says:—The turban is the most useful part of the Asiatic attire, far superior to the European hat in every respect; it is a handsome ornament to the human head, and repulses the severity of the sun; the hat, on the contrary, attracts it. The turban is the best means to save the life of a thirsty traveller in the deserts and jungles, where there is no water to be had except in deep wells. In such a crisis, the precious liquid can be drawn by the aid of a turban with great ease. A silken turban's softness guards the head from the cut of a sharp sabre, better than a helmet; it can serve the purposes of bandages for wounds on important occasions, when surgical aid is wanting and not at hand; and many other advantages can be derived from it, which, if deserved, would take up time and space unaffordable here."

A RETORT.—Dumas is very fond on gala days of wearing some dozen or more decorations consisting of ribbons and crosses. A friend recently protested: "You look stupid; you're a walking rainbow with these ribbons which are the color—" "Of the grapes we read of in the fable," interrupted Dumas.

FAILURES, ASSIGNMENTS, &c.

The following are the reported failures, assignments, &c., for the week, which we take from the New York papers:

The Bowery Bank, New York city. Harper & Brothers, Publishers, New York city. Wood & Grant, Grocery House, New York. C. H. & Adams, Hopcock & Greenwood, &c., New York. Buckley & Moore, Tobacco Dealers, do. Baptist & White, Baptist & Royston, Drafts from the South on these latter firms have gone bankrupt, both for non-payment and non-acceptance, and a committee has gone to Virginia to obtain, if possible, an extension of time.

Lyman A. George & Co., Straw and Ribbon Dealers, Boston. Milton Gale, dealer in Oil and Leather, Boston. Nash, French & Co., Boot and Shoe Dealers, Boston. Harkness & Stoddard, Manufacturers, Providence, assigned, in consequence of the failure of Nourse & Co., and other commission houses abroad.

Marcus Hull, Hinsburg, Vt., failed and assigned. J. W. Clarke & Co., Bankers, Boston, suspended. Lawrence Stone & Co., Boston, New York and Philadelphia, Dry Goods Commission Merchants, suspended.

S. Frothingham, Jr., & Co., Dry Goods Commission, Boston, suspended.

Butler, Keith & Co., Hardware, Boston, suspended.

Richardson, Kendall & Co., Dry Goods, Boston, suspended.

Dutton, Baldwin & Macomber, Dry Goods Commission, Boston, suspended.

Swett, Gookin & Co., Dry Goods, Boston, suspended.

Richard B. London, Bloomington, Ill., failed; liabilities about \$100,000.

Bardett & Sanger, Rock Island, Ill., assigned.

Connor & Jolley, Fulton City, Ill., suspended and assigned.

Benjamin Howard, Commission, Boston, suspended; liabilities not large, and means supposed to be ample to pay in full.

Stephen Bartlett, Sugars, Boston, suspended.

Peter C. Jones, Paper, Boston, suspended.

Blake, Barnard & Co., Agricultural Implements, Boston, failed.

Proctor & Wood, Boston, suspended.

Charles Smith, Naval Stores, Boston, failed.

John Emerick, Coal, Boston, failed.

Parsons, Cutler & Co., Dry Goods, Boston, suspended; liabilities about \$100,000.

Benjamin Howard, Commission, Boston, suspended; liabilities not large, and means supposed to be ample to pay in full.

Stephen Bartlett, Sugars, Boston, suspended.

W. H. Spring, Fancy Goods, Boston, failed.

Wm. Gault, Waterbury, Conn., assigned.

Alexander Wood, Thompsonville, Conn., failed.

Pierre Choteau, Jr., Co., New York city, suspended.

The iron house of P. Choteau, Jr., Sanford & Co., have not stopped, and we are assured, will not.

Clark, Dodge & Co., Bankers, New York city, suspended.

Swift & Ransom & Co., Bankers, New York city, suspended.

W. H. Brown, Tiffany & Co., Dry Goods Commission, New York city, suspended.

Puttong & Platte, Hardware, Davenport, Iowa, suspended.

T. H. & E. H. Brown & Co., Dry Goods, New York city, suspended.

Herman C. Adams, New York city, assigned.

Charles A. Hand, New York city, assigned.

D. Carroll & Son, Dry Goods, New York city, suspended.

J. D. Phillips & Co., Furs, New York city, suspended.

Miller, Bradley & Hall, Fancy Goods, New York city, suspended.

H. G. Nichols & Co., Iron, New York city, suspended.

H. & J. Starr, Hats, New York city, suspended.

Drey & Sanders, Findings, New York city, failed; liabilities about \$60,000.

West, Caldwell & Co., Hat Findings, New York city, suspended; ask an extension, and will undoubtedly pay in full.

Ballard, Shute & Co., Furs, New York city, suspended; ask an extension or eight months, and offer to pay in full.

Star & Underhill, Hats, New York city, suspended.

Townsend, Romz & Co., Fancy Goods, New York city, suspended.

Walter, Worth & Co., Grocers, New York city, suspended.

Smith, Brother & Co., Hardware, New York city, suspended.

Van Yalenburgh & Co., Straw Goods, New York city, suspended.

Frank & Strauss, Clothing, New York city, suspended.

A. C. Evans & Co., Drugs, New York city, suspended.

James Cropper, Dry Goods, New York city, failed.

R. E. Hatch, Dry Goods, New York city, failed and assigned.

W. B. McKenzie, Mantillas, New York city, failed and compromised.

McCormick & Simpson, Dry Goods, New York city, failed.

John M. Clark, Butter, New York city, failed.

Charles S. Matthews, Hotel, New York city, suspended.

Brooks & Armstrong, Dry Goods, New York city, suspended.

Ross, Newell & Co., Fancy Goods, New York city, failed.

Blake & Brown, Silk, New York city, suspended.

Farnord & Brother, Clothing, New York city, suspended.

McArthur, Byrnes, Gibbons & Co., Dry Goods, New York city, suspended.

Gage, Dater & Sloane, Dry Goods, New York city, suspended.

Livingston & Ballard, Grocers, New York city, suspended.

Ely, Bowen & McConnell, Dry Goods, New York city, suspended, ask an extension, and propose to pay in full.

Wetmore & Walker, Grocers, New York city, suspended.

Chapman, Pike & Co., Fancy Goods, New York city, suspended, with liabilities of \$200,000, but have a nominal surplus of \$10,000.

Lew Murphy & Avery, Straw Goods, New York city, suspended.

Schoniger, Ralston, Verona, N. Y., assigned.

Wibbets & Co., Hardware, New York city, suspended.

Brown, McNamee & Co., New York city, suspended, ask an extension, have a large surplus, propose to pay in full, with interest.

S. P. Burton, Albany, N. Y., assigned.

John Morris, Utica, N. Y., assigned.

Edward Rogers, West Troy, N. Y., assigned.

Rochester Novelty Works, Rochester, N. Y., assigned.

H. W. Morgan & Son, Plattsburgh, N. Y., assigned.

Powell, Remond & Co., Newburgh, N. Y., suspended.

Philip B. Longford, Rome, N. Y., assigned.

Chas. H. Hart, Binghamton, N. Y., suspended.

L. W. Storrs, Le Roy, N. Y., assigned.

Andrew Outten, Palatki, N. Y., assigned.

AN OLD MAID'S ROMANCE.

BY HOLME LEE, WITH
ACTION OF "GILBERT MANGERON," ETC.

In every life—ever the quietest, even the least disturbed and eventful—there must surely be some little vein of romance, some golden vein in the earth ore, if we might be permitted to trace it in the sunshine. I do not like to think that any of the thousand throbbing, thumping, racing hearts I meet can be all clay, all indurated staleness; the hardest, most unyielding people, for aught we know, may have acted long romances in their own proper grottoes, and have grown cold and passive after them, to a degree that would lead one to believe they had never felt. There was Miss Worley of the Bank side, for instance, a maiden lady of immense antiquity, whom we used to visit when I was a little girl. She lived in a large, genteel, red-brick house, enclosed in a stiff garden, with a great iron gate guarded by grim stone lions on either side. Miss Fernley was precision and neatness itself, but her parlor was intolerably dull and gloomy; moreover, it was infested with three of the surliest cats I ever knew, and a parrot, the most vicious of its race. I remember with awe the sooty tea-parties, to which all the children of her acquaintance were annually invited. Depression fell on my spirits as the gate clanged behind me; by the time my bonnet and cloak were taken off I was rigid; and when I was set down on a stool, at a considerable distance from the fire, but within reach of the cats, I was petrified into stupidity for the rest of the night. Miss Fernley delighted in my accoutrements; she was accustomed to say to my mother, "I was such a quiet, prettily-behaved child," and in consequence she often sent me to spend the afternoon on Saturday half-holiday, giving as a reason that she liked company. She was a kindly, ceremonious, old lady, with no idea whatever of amusing a child. Every time I went she gave me an old broad-cloth bag, filled with ends of worsted and silk for tapestry-work; these she bade me sort out into packets according to color; and when she had done that, she let me alone until tea-time. Once I abstracted from its shelf an illustrated copy of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, in which Apollyon was represented as a handsome Crusader in scale-armor, standing on prostrate Christian. I did admire Apollyon, he was so grand, and had such wings; but an audible remark to that effect caused me to be immediately deprived of the book, and in subsequent visits at this period my attention was diverted between the old-bag and the cata.

Miss Fernley's parlor, never underwent any change. If one of her pets died, it was replaced by another of the same sex and color. All the cats were king-cats, and gray—and they did spit sometimes! The walnut was painted drab; the straight backed, slender-legged chairs always stood primly up by the walls; the heavy sofa preserved its angle by the fireside as if it were fastened to the floor; and the discordant old piano was for ever open! I used to perform upon it a line and a half of "Faddy Carey," the only tune I knew without music, every time I went. Later in life, I did the "Caliph of Bagdad" and the "Battle of Prague," to Miss Fernley's delight; and I remember her once singing to me, with the remains of a very sweet voice, "The Wood-pecker Tapping," and a little Spanish air.

There were two circular portraits in this room, of Miss Fernley's brothers, both in uniform; the elder had been drowned at sea, and the younger, killed at the battle of Talavera. She loved dearly to talk of these two brothers, when once she had begun to be confidential, and would quote a great deal of poetry in her narrative of their histories; I believe she grew to love me for the interest with which I always listened to the oft-told tales. It probably never occurred to me until some years later to think whether she were a pretty or an ugly old lady; she was tall, thin, stiff; scantly dressed in silk of a uniform cloud-color, with a lofty-crowned cap, with a good many white bows; she wore a frill of fine rich lace about her neck, and ruffles at her wrists when nobody else did, and had a particularly precise and almost severely air—I should say she was proud; and a bit of ceremony always observed by me to the day of her death was, never to sit in her presence until invited to do so. She made many remarks on the manners of her young friends, and always said that familiarity was vulgar.

The way I became acquainted with the life-lessons of this gray, lonely, old lady, was as follows: She invited me to take up my abode at her house for a week when I was about sixteen, to be company for three madcap girls, her nieces, and daughters of the younger brother whose portrait decorated the dismal parlor. Their exuberant spirits were very trying to Miss Fernley; they outraged the cats by dressing them up in nightcaps and pocket-handkerchiefs; they taught the parrot to be impudent, broke the strings of the old piano, whistled as they went up and down stairs, and danced threecome reels in the hall, to the great scandal of the primany old serving-man and serving-woman.

One long, wet day, their pranks went beyond all bounds; they wanted to play a act in the drawing-room, and to bribe them from their intention, Miss Fernley gave them the key of a great lumber-room, and bade them go and ransack the chest of ancient apparel therein concealed, for amusement. Up we all accordingly went. Out upon the dusty floor, with screams of laughter, the wild girls tossed armfuls of garments, of all degrees of hideousness and antiquity; started sometimes by a moth fluttering out from the heap, and arrested often by the sight of some article of attire more curious than the rest. One of them—Letty, the youngest—lit upon a sacque of crimson silk, and immediately cried out that she would dress up, and astonish Aunt Jeanie. Her costume, when completed, was rather incongruous; but a against old mirror against the wall showed her a very pretty, if fantastic figure, draped in the crimson sacque, with amber satin petticoat, and a black Spanish hat, with a plume shading down over her golden hair. Lettie Fernley was a bright-complexioned Scotch lassie; and as she walked a stately step before the glass, you might have thought her a court-beauty of fifty years ago stepped down out of a picture-frame.

Meantime the eldest sister had been pur-

suing her investigations into the depths of a huge, black trunk, and drew forth a packet of letters, tied round with a faded rose-color ribbon.

"What have we here?" cried she; "a mystery, a romance; somebody's old love-letter!"

In an instant Lettie, still in the crimson sacque, was down on her knees by her sister, full of vivid curiosity.

"Gently, gently," said the other, turning aside her impatient fingers; "let us consider a moment before we disturb old memories. What hand traced these discolored characters? Is the hand dead yet, or only slow and heavy with the dead weight of age?"

"Have done with your speculations, Minta; and let the letters speak for themselves," interrupted Lettie, eagerly.

Minta loosened the string, and divided the packet carefully. A piece of printed paper fell to the floor; it was a column cut from a newspaper; the story of a great battle, and an incomplete list of killed and wounded.

Let me lay that aside, till we seek a clue for it—till we see whose name on that list is connected with these letters," suggested Minta; and we placed our heads close together to read the faded yellow pages. The first letter was written from a vicarage-house in Cumberland, and bore date half a century ago; the writer was one Francis Lucas. We had never heard the name before; but we could see that all the hearts echo to—warm, loving, living,

"Francis Lucas, whoever you may have been, one thing is sure," said Minta, as she read; "you were a gentleman and a true knight of dames. I can picture to myself the blushing face that fifty years ago beat over these lines, and laid their sweet promises in a heart as worthy as your own."

We paused long over that letter; for its speech was so full of life, and love, and hope, that we were loth to put it away among the things of the past—almost as loth as must have been the "darling mouse" to whom it was addressed; it still breathed the same old song of love and trust which is never out of date, and sounded as true as earnest passion ever does.

There were seven letters with the date from that vicarage, among the Cumberland Fells; the last spoke of a speedy meeting in part, that thrilled all our maiden pulses.

"Oh, Francis Lucas, I hope you were happy with your 'faithful heart,'" cried Lettie. "I hope you live yet in a green old age, together among those wild bleak hills."

The next letter was written after an interval of two months, in May 17—. Francis Lucas was then a volunteer in the army in Flanders; and his bright glad words reflected the high courage which he knew "would make his daring love him more." Those were his words. There was but one other; it was very short, written on the eve of battle, and it was the last.

"Oh, Minta, I could weep for that 'faithful heart,'" said Lettie, with tears in her eyes. "Look at the list now; it is no longer a sealed page to us; there is his name—'Francis Lucas, killed.' The story ends."

"But the 'dear mouse,' the 'faithful heart,' who is that?" asked Minta, turning the yellow paper over, while Lettie idly twisted the ribbon that had tied the letters together—"who can it be?" The moisture cleared from our eyes slowly; more than one great tear rolled down our cheeks.

"It is Aunt Jeanie, Aunt Jeanie!" suddenly exclaimed the second sister, who had read in silence. "You remember, he says, 'darling Jean,' in the first letter."

"Aunt Jeanie," echoed Lettie. "Oh, I wish we had not been so curious; it was very wrong of us!"

"But who could have thought there had ever been a love-story in her quiet life?" said Minta. "How beautiful and how nice she must have been! I dare say she might have been married over and over again."

"I am glad she was not; I shall like to think of her as Francis Lucas's 'faithful heart' better than as the richest lady in the land."

"And so shall I; and, oh, Minta, how we have plagued her! Help me off with this red thing," said Lettie, pulling at the crimson sacque. "It would be profanation to go to her jesting, after what we have just found out. Dear Aunt Jeanie! If she has had a faithful heart, she must have had a suffering one, too."

The door opened softly, and Miss Fernley looked in.

"Children, you are so quiet, I am sure you must be in mischief," said she, in her gentle voice. She came among us, and looked over Minta's shoulder, as she sat on the floor with all the papers scattered in her lap; stooping, she took up the strip of newspaper, and gazed at it through her spectacles; I saw her lip quiver, and her hands tremble.

"Where did you find these letters, children? You should not have opened that black trunk," said she, hastily. "Give them to me; have you read them?"

"Yes, Aunt Jeanie," replied Lettie penitently. The old lady took them from Minta's hand without another word, and left us to our researches; but we had seen enough for one morning, and quickly restored the old dresses to their dusty receptacles, and let them to the moths and the spiders.

When we descended to the parlor, rather subdued, and ashamed of our curiosity, we found Miss Fernley ransacking in an ancient Japan cabinet; she brought out two ministrions, and showed them to us; one was Francis Lucas, a young, gay-looking soldier, the other was herself. The latter bore a marked resemblance to Lettie, only it was softer and more refined in expression. Then she told us her love-story—how she was to have married Francis Lucas on his return from that fatal campaign, and how she had consecrated to him, in life and death, her faithful heart.

"Oh, Aunt Jeanie, I may be like you in the face, but I were to live to be a hundred, I should never be as good or as kind as you are!" cried Lettie, as she finished. And this was the romance of old Miss Fernley's youth.

"AN INTELLIGENT FAMILY.—'What family have you?' asked the Judge of the County Court at Stockton, the other day, of a debtor against whom he was about to pronounce judgment. 'Myself, wife, and a bull-pup,' was the reply.—*Durham (Eng.) Advertiser.*

Meantime the eldest sister had been pur-

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE WEDDING.

FROM ALEXANDER SMITH'S NEW VOLUME.

The country ways are full of mire,
The boughs toss in the fading light,
The winds blow out the sunset's fire,
And sudden droppeth down the night.
I sit at this familiar screen;

When mud-splashed hunting-squires resort;
My sole companion in the gloom,
This slowly dying pine of part.

None all the joys my soul hath known,
None errors over which it grieves,
I sit at this dark hour alone;

Like autumn 'mid his withered leaves.

This is a night of wild farewells,
To all the past, the good, the fair;

To-morrow, and my wedding bells
Will make a music in the air.

Like a wet Fisher tempest-tost,
Who sees throughout the whirling night

After some low-lying coast;

The streaming of a rainy light,
I saw this hour—and now the come;

The rooms are lit, the feast is set;

Within the twilight I am dumb,

My heart filled with a vague regret

Cannot say, in Eastern style;

Wherever she treads the pausing bays;

Nor call her eyes twin-stars, her smile

A sunbeam, and her mouth a rose.

Nor can I, as your bridegroom do,

Talk of my raptures. Oh, how sore

The fond romance of twenty-two

Is paraded ere thirty-four!

To-night I shake hands with the past—

Familiar years, salute, adieu!

An unkempt door is open wide,

An empty future wide and new.

Stands waiting. Oh, ye naked rooms,

Void, desolate, without a charm!

Will Loss's smile chase your lonely glooms,

And drap your walls, and make them warm?

The man who knew, while he was young,

Some soft and soul-subduing air,

Methinks when again he hears it sung,

Although 'tis only half so fair.

So love I thee and love is sweet

(My Florence, 'tis the true truth)

Because it is age repeat.

That long-lost passion of my youth.

Oh, often did my spirit melt,

Blurred letters, 'er your artless rhymes:

Fair trees, in which the sunshine dwelt,

I've kissed these many a million times!

And now 'tis done—My passionate tears,

Mad pleadings with an iron fate,

And all the sweetness of my years,

Are blackened ashes in the grate.

It is, I suppose, for this reason, that it is so much easier for a mother to enter the kingdom of heaven than it is for the rest of the world.

She fancies she is leading the children, when after all, the children are leading her, and they keep her indeed where the river is narrowest and the air is the clearest; and the beckoning of the radiant hand is so plainly seen from the other side, that it is no wonder she often lets go her clasp upon the little finger she is holding, and goes over to the neighbors; and the children follow like lambs to the fold, for we think it ought somewhere to be written:

"Where the mother is, there will the children be."

But it was not of the mother we began to think, but of the dear, old-fashioned grandmother, whose thread of love, "by hand," on life's little wheel, was longer and stronger than they make it now; she was wound around and about the children she was sawing in the children's arms, in a true love knot, that aching but the shears of Atropos could sever; for do we not recognize the lambs sometimes, when summer days are over, and autumn winds are blowing, as they come bleating from the yellow fields, by the crimson thread we wound about their necks in April or May, and so undo the gate and let the wanderers in?

Blessed be the children who have an old-fashioned grandmother. As they hope for length of days, let them love and honor her, for we can tell them they will never find another.

There is a large old kitchen somewhere in the past, and an old-fashioned fireplace therein, with its smooth old jabs of stone

—smooth with many knifes that have been sharpened there—smooth with many little fingers that have clung there. There are andirons, too, the old andirons, with rings in the top, wherein many temples of flame have been builded, with spires and turrets of crimson. There is a broad iron hearth, by feet that have been torn and bleeding by the way, or been made "beautiful," and walk upon stones of tessellated gold. There are tongs in the corner, wherein we grasped a coal, and, "blowing for a little life," lighted our first candle. There is a shovel, wherein we were drawn forth the glowing embers in which we saw our first flames and dreamed our first dreams—the shovel with which we stirred the sleepy logs till the sparks rushed up the chimney as if a forge were in blast below, and wished we had so many lambs, so many marbles, or so many somethings that we coveted; and so it was, the ancient clock of time?

So all our little hands were forever clinging to her garments, and staying her as if from dying, for long ago she had done living for herself, and lived alone in us. But the old kitchen wants a presence to day, and the rush-bottomed chair is tenanted.

How she used to welcome us when we were grown, and came back once more to the home-stead.

We thought we were men and women, but we were children there. The old-fashioned grandmother was blind with the eyes, but she saw with her heart, as she always did. We threw our long shadows through the open door, and she felt them as they fell over her form, and she looked dimly up and saw tall shapes in the doorway, and she says: "Edward I know, and Lucy's voice I can hear, but whose is that?" So it must be Jane's—for she had almost forgotten the folded hands. "Oh, no, not Jane, for she—let me see—she is waiting for me, isn't she?" and the old grandmother wandered and wept.

"It is another daughter, grandmother, that Edward has brought," says some one, "for your blessing."

"Has she blue eyes, my son?" Put her hand in mine, for she is my latest born, the child of my old age. Shall I sing you a song, children? Her hand is in her pocket as of old; she is idly fumbling for a toy, a welcome gift to the children that have come again.

One of us, men as we thought we were, is weeping—she bears the half-suppressed sob; she says, as she extends her feeble hand,

"Here, my poor child, rest upon grandmother's shoulder; she will protect you from all harm. Come, children, sit around the fire again. Shall I sing you a song, or tell you a story? Stir the fire, for it is cold; the nights are growing colder."

The clock in the corner struck nine, the bed-time of those old days. The song of life was indeed sung, the story told, it was bedtime at last. Good night to thee, grandmother. The old fashioned grandmother was no more, and we missed her forever. But we will set up a tablet in the midst of the memory, in the midst of the heart, and write on it only this:

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, OCTOBER 17, 1857.

5.

SONG.

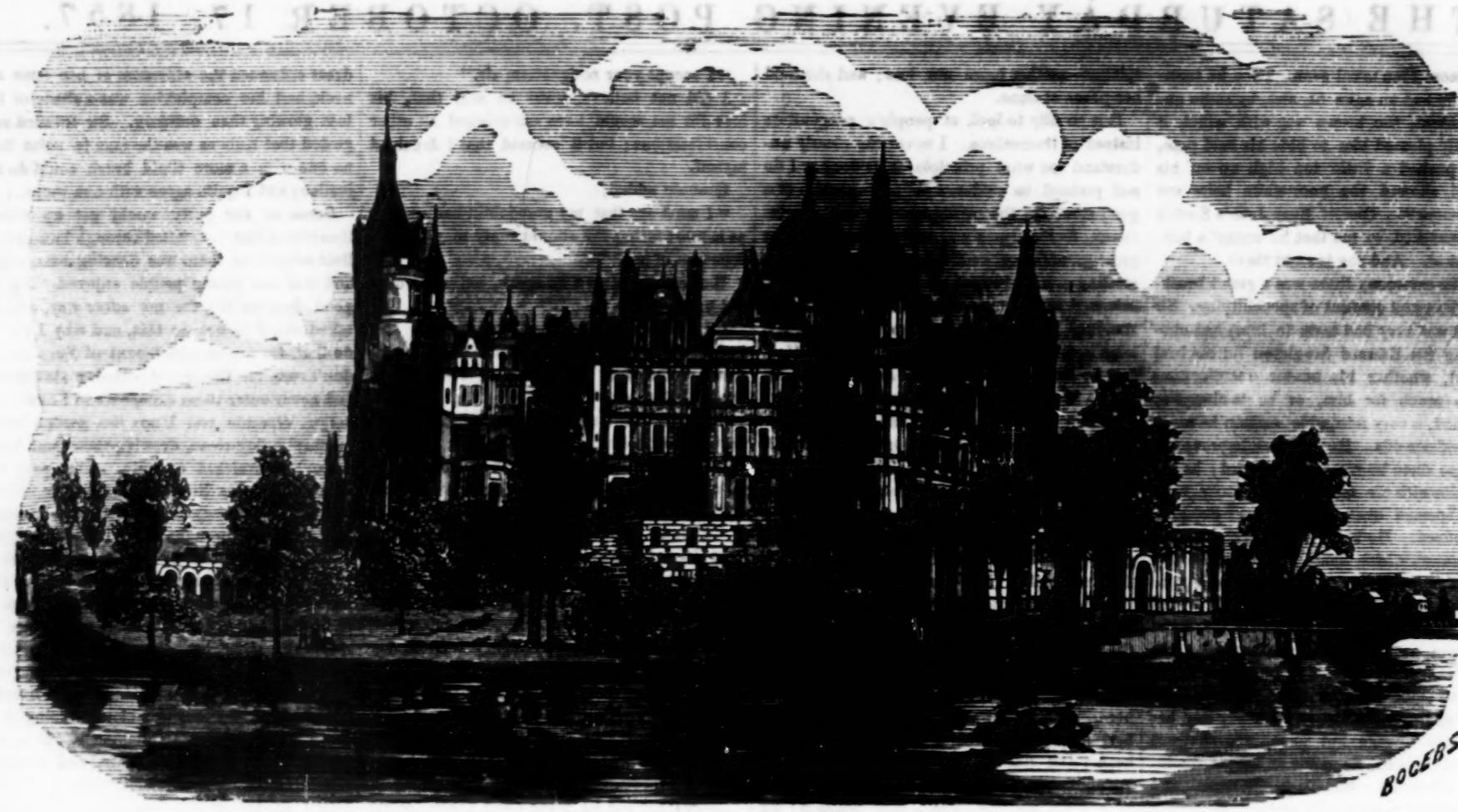
"ALL AMONG THE BARLEY."

BY E. STIRLING.

Come out, 'tis now September,
The bairns' moon's begun,
And through the wheaten stubble
Is heard the frequent gun.
The leaves are paling yellow,
Or kindling into red;
And the ripe and golden barley
Is hanging down its head.
All among the barley, who would not be blythe,
When the free and happy barley is smiling on the
scythe!

The Spring she is a young maid
That doth not know her mind;
The Summer is a maid
Of most unrighteous kind;
The Autumn is no maid friend,
That loves us all the same;
And that brings the happy barley
To glad the heart of man.
All among the barley, who would not be blythe,
When the free and happy barley is smiling on the
scythe!

—English Periodical.



LITTLE EVELEEN;

OR,

AN HOUR'S STRUGGLE WITH POISON.

I was spending some days, not many years ago, in a beautiful little country village, and in a family that had more than common attractions to him who loves domestic life, as well as myself. The little circle had in it more of real interest than I have often seen developed in the same number of persons.

The father of the family—almost too young to feel that he was entitled to that honorable appellation—was a fine, frank-hearted young mechanician, with a wide world of bounding life in his veins, an energy that when fully aroused, drove every thing violently before him, and a warmth of disposition that won him more friendship than it had given him of the goods of this world.

His wife, to whom he had been married some four years, was singularly beautiful. They had two children—the one a laughing brown-eyed and brown-haired little fairy of three years. Her name was Eveleen. The second was a crowing, laughing, blue-eyed, plump little beauty of less than a year, promising that when fully aroused, drove every thing violently before him, and a warmth of disposition that won him more friendship than it had given him of the goods of this world.

I was sitting one afternoon in a quiet little room with my feet upon two chairs, reading a pleasant book, in a state between asleep and awake—my host away at his shop, a hundred yards off, and my pretty little hostess engaged in her household labors—when I was thrown out of my indolence by a scream that brought me to my feet like an electric shock. It was a woman's voice, and had in it an excess of agony that cannot be indicated in words, so loud, that it rang over this quiet little village, and brought every one forth to ascertain the cause.

I sprang to the door that separated the sitting-room from the dining apartments, and saw the whole at a glance. The young mother stood at the door with her first born—our darling Eveleen in her arms dying. A brief and hurried word from the servant told me the sad story. The little girl had accompanied a child uncle up stairs, and while the attention of the older child was for a moment turned away, she seized a bottle of corrosive sublimate alcohol, and had taken enough to take away twenty such lives. The little thing had tottered down stairs, and the mother had met her at the landing with the empty bottle in her hand, and the poison oozing from her mouth, and the child all unconscious of the fearful thing she had done. Was it any wonder that terror shriked rang out over the quiet village and that already the occupants of every house near were rushing toward the spot where the mother stood?

But a few moments could possibly have elapsed since the poison was taken, and yet the effect was already fearful. After the first shriek of terror, the mother had quieted to a calm despair for the moment, and stood with the child in her arms, making no efforts for its relief, and indeed it seemed hopeless, for already the subtle poison seemed diffused through the frame; the brown eyes had lost the lustre, the face was blackened as if in after death, and the teeth were tightly set as if in a convulsive spasm that evidently would not pass away. I examined the little lost darling for a moment, saw that it was hopeless, and then turned away, unable to bear that mother's agony. The little door was already half filled with villagers, and sobs, and moans and lamentations over the fate of the dying child, were heard in every direction, mingled with quick and hurried questions as to the manner of its occurrence, and vain attempts at answering, which added an oppressing confusion to the sadness of the scene.

The little playfellow uncle, who had been upstairs with the child, had run instantly to call the father, and but a few moments elapsed before he sprang into the middle of the group. He had been told all and asked no questions. I had time to remark that his eye was very stern, and that his lips were very firmly compressed. Others, too, marked it, and I knew afterwards that a murmur ran round the circle of how strange it was that he betrayed no feeling.

He reached out his hands and took the child from its mother. Its eyes were closed now, and a white corse came from between the blackened lips. Was ever death more assured? I saw him open the eyelids, and heard him give a sigh of relief. He told me afterwards that the eye was not shrunk, and so death had not begun. He then attempted to open the mouth, but the teeth were tight set, and they resisted his efforts. But with a force that seemed almost brutal, he wrenched the teeth apart, and opened the mouth.

"Shame!" cried one of the bystanders.

The father did not heed them, but motioned to a neighbor to take the child in his arms. He did so.

"Bring me the egg basket," he spoke very sternly, almost without opening his teeth, to the servant.

The exterior of the new Castle of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Germany, was completed in the autumn of 1855, after ten years and a half of incessant labor. The consecration took place on the 11th of October of the same year, and divine service was performed for the first time in the Castle chapel. Since then numerous artists and workmen of all descriptions have been actively employed in finishing, decorating, and furnishing the interior of this magnificent edifice. The Castle, and all the rich carvings, furniture, sculpture, pictures, and other works of art, with which it

is embellished, are the produce of native talent and industry, and excite the surprise and admiration of all visitors who inspect them.

At the opening of the Castle, at eight o'clock in the morning, all the artisans who had been employed at the Castle assembled at the appointed place of meeting, carrying staves, from which party-colored streamers fluttered gaily, followed by bands of music. Here they arranged themselves under their respective trades, and, preceded by their leaders, moved off in orderly procession to the town-hall, where a deputation of each trade waited on the Mayor

to receive a flag promised them by the Grand-Duke, as a reward for the zeal and industry they had displayed in their work, and as a remembrance of the day's festival. These flags, eleven in number, were composed of white silk richly embroidered in gold, with a beautiful painting, in the centre, of the new castle, surmounted with, in letters of gold, "For sudsous work in the building of the Castle in Schwerin, 1857." At nine o'clock, the Grand-Duke, accompanied by his two sons—the heroic Grand-Duke Frederick Francis, aged six years, and Duke Paul, aged four years and

a-half—appeared at the gate of the palace, and was greeted by the Trades' deputation and the enormous mass of persons assembled with loud and repeated cheers. The Grand Duke then stepped before them, and in a kind and courteous speech thanked the workmen for the activity and talent they had shown in perfecting the work which had been entrusted to them, and hoped that the remembrance of this building might prove a lasting bond of unity between them. The Grand-Duke and his sons then retired into the palace amidst the deafening hurrahs of the multitude.

ABBY IN THE SWING.

"What do you want of it?" "What can you do with it?" "He is crazy!" and many such remarks followed, but the basket was there in a moment.

He seized one of the eggs, broke it, inserted his fingers again between the teeth and wrenched them open by force, though they shut with so convulsive a motion as to tear the flesh from his fingers, and poured the albumen into the throat. There was a slight struggle, nothing more, and the spectators were horrified at the action.

"Don't, the child is dying!" said one.

"Please don't hurt the little thing—it can't live!" the mother found voice to say, laying her hand upon his arm.

"Mary, be still!" he answered sternly, while his teeth were relaxing from their clenching, and his face was as hard as he was entering a battle; "and don't any of you meddle with me—keep off!"

The bystanders involuntarily obeyed, with many harsh remarks upon his cruelty, but he did not heed them, and went on. Another and another egg was broken, and still there was no sign of life. Then the whole body of bystanders broke out into a loud murmur, and cried of "Brute!" "Let the child die in peace!" "He is crazy—take the child away from him!" were heard around him.

He desisted for a moment from his efforts, and turned with a fierceness which had before been altogether foreign to his nature—but no one who saw him afterwards forgot it.—"Fools!" he hissed, "mind your own business, and leave me to mine! Take her away, will you? Try it!" and he went on, emptying egg after egg down the apparently lifeless throat.

The mother could bear this no longer—her first born was being tortured to death before her eyes, and she imploringly flung herself upon her knees before her husband's father, who had that moment arrived.

"Oh, father, do stop him!" she gasped; "he will obey you; do stop him. He is torturing that poor, dying child."

The grandfather started forward a step to interfere, for he, too, thought the proceeding an outrageous one; but he stopped and said,

"Mary, let him alone. The child will die if he does not go on. It cannot do more than die if he does. I would not say a word to him for the world. The child is his; let him use his pleasure."

There was a silence then. In a moment more, there was a quiver of the eyelids, convulsive movement of the chest, and the teeth lost their tension. The father seized his child, turned her face downward, and the poison began to flow from her mouth. Again and again, as the retching ceased, he repeated the experiment—the life returning still more, and the face losing its blank color every instant. More than twenty times albumen had been administered, and more than half those times followed by the expulsion of the poison, when the eyes opened; the father desisted, the little sufferer lay just alive in his arms—exhausted, his little body terribly shattered, but saved.

When the necessity for exertion and determination was over—when the physician had been summoned, and they knew that little Eveleen might live, after many weeks of struggle between life and death; when the relieved friends had acknowledged that they had wronged him first; when the beautiful and sorrowful wife had blessed him through her kisses and tears; and all knew that under God only, such almost fierce determination could have saved the child—then the father sat down, unnerved, and wept like a child.

Eveleen is still alive to day, and her brown eyes are opened upon womanhood. But there is no hour in my life that brings so thrilling a recollection as that of the young father's struggle for the life of his child.

"It is better to reconcile an enemy than to conquer him. Your victory may deprive him of his power to hurt for the present; but reconciliation disarms him of even the will to injure."—Cecil.

MY FRIEND,

THE "PRACTICAL CHEMIST."

I have lately been staying with a friend who is what he calls a practical chemist. He has, indeed, none of those large globular bottles in his window—the red, white and blue, which are the insignia of the pharmaceutical craft—because he is a clergymen, and his bishop, very properly, would not permit such an illumination. He is also obliged to confine the public offer of his soothing mixtures to that o'clock of the week wherein his pulpit opens; and if he were detected in issuing "quietness" at any other time, he would be punished. But he is not the less a practical chemist for all that.

He knows what to avoid a great deal better than what to eat and to drink, for upon these two latter points he is a second Dr. Hassen, and describes all food to be noxious that is not downright deadly. Breakfast, according to him, undermines the constitution, dinner shakes it to its foundations, and supper, with pickles, brings it down with a run. What is one man's meat is another man's poison, says the proverb; but with my friend the P. C., his meat and his poison are one and the same thing. When I took my bitter beer—which, by the way, was his—and which I, of course, imbibed very willingly as often as I could get it, he was wont to say that I reminded him of once Socrates in the act of partaking of the hemlock, with the difference that it was my ignorance, but the philosopher's intrepidity, which made me both so careless of the result. He used to name that amber liquid in its tapering glass "with beaded bubbles winking at it," by some Latin name, as if in exorcism, and to ascribe to it "a volatile odorous principle, a greenish fixed oil, a free organic acid, uncrystallized sugar, coloring matter and gum;" but a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, said I, and I called it "Bass," and drank it all the same; else if I had been less like Sancho Panza, he would have played the very Dr. Pedro with me. His own house, which is much too good a one for such a purpose, he makes the theatre of all sorts of scientific experiments. Ventilation is there so perfected, that it seems to me the wind bloweth pretty much where it listeth, and drainage is in full flow. Above the drawing-room fireplace, just where one leans one's elbows upon the mantel piece to enjoy one's self in the sun, and just where the unprotected small of one's back occurs when we stand with our coat-tails over our arms, and our rear to the fire, there comes breeze enough, through a great iron mouth, to turn a mill. "The principle of the thing, my dear sir," he has said about a hundred times, "is as follows" * * * and then he is the encyclopedia vice the pharmacopoeia, re-signed for a little while. I think he wishes to persuade me that the air comes somehow through the fire, and so enters the room both fresh and warm; but if that is the case, why does it feel cold, and why do I get sore throat, or else lumbago, according as I present myself to the orifice frontways or the reverse? Some times a current of air would set in while we were at dinner—escaped from some north pole contrivance of his down stairs—fit to carry our legs away, and then he would try to convince me it was all right, by reference to his thermometer; as if an instrument of that kind would ever persuade me out of a goosey sensation in the calves, and of a stagnation in my feet. But his strongest point, perhaps, is, that he is not the less a practical chemist for all that.

He uses to draw me in with him also, and indeed it is not so bad; a slight flavor of tar in it, I don't know from what cause, was all that I was able to detect. Our toast—and water—was "the Health of Jennyville." The consequences of that draught being so palatable are at present—as the P. C. would say—"the following," the proofs of which are exhibited in the returns of the Registrar-General. There have been ninety-five deaths per quarter in the town less than the average of the corresponding quarters in the two years previous to the establishment of the works, or three hundred and eighty lives per annum saved. A distinguished sanitary authority has estimated the loss labor, cost of sickness, and funerals, &c., &c., consequent upon that sacrifice of life, as not less in money-value than sixty-pound's a head; and he writes, "apart from the consideration of humanity, and of the moral consequences of so great a saving of human life, I feel sure that the gain to the inhabitants of Jennyville, if the present conditions can be maintained—of which there appears to be no reasonable doubt—should not be estimated at less than £20,000 per annum;" which, I think, for my part, is pretty well for deodorization.

There was nothing more said about domestic drainage from that period; but my scientific friend has since taken up the public health, with all his old enthusiasm, instead, and thrown himself, so to speak, into the local sewage of his town. It is needless to state he has attempted to draw me in with him also, and indeed it is not so bad; a slight flavor of tar in it, I don't know from what cause, was all that I was able to detect. Our toast—and water—was "the Health of Jennyville." The consequences of that draught being so palatable are at present—as the P. C. would say—"the following," the proofs of which are exhibited in the returns of the Registrar-General. There have been ninety-five deaths per quarter in the town less than the average of the corresponding quarters in the two years previous to the establishment of the works, or three hundred and eighty lives per annum saved. A distinguished sanitary authority has estimated the loss labor, cost of sickness, and funerals, &c., &c., consequent upon that sacrifice of life, as not less in money-value than sixty-pound's a head; and he writes, "apart from the consideration of humanity, and of the moral consequences of so great a saving of human life, I feel sure that the gain to the inhabitants of Jennyville, if the present conditions can be maintained—of which there appears to be no reasonable doubt—should not be estimated at less than £20,000 per annum;" which, I think, for my part, is pretty well for deodorization.

There is here, we ought perhaps to say, a recent mechanical invention adopted by this company, which will supersede entirely the application of the centrifugal force; but our light contributor is of opinion that he should only distract himself and confuse his readers by attempting to explain its principle.

VALUE OF TIME.—When the Roman Emperor said, "I have lost a day," he uttered a sadder truth than if he had exclaimed, "I have lost a kingdom." Napoleon said that the reason why he beat the Austrians, was that they did not know the value of five minutes. At the celebrated battle of Rival, the conflict seemed on the point of being decided against him. He saw the critical state of affairs, and instantly took his resolution. He despatched a flag to head quarters, with proposals for an armistice. The unwary Austrians fell into the snare—for a few minutes the thunder of battle were hushed. Napoleon seized the precious moments, and, while amusing the enemy with mock negotiations, re-arranged his line of battle, changed his front, and in a few minutes was ready to resume the conflict. The unwary Austrians fell into the snare—for a few minutes the thunder of battle were hushed. 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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. OCTOBER 17, 1857.

ELEANOR CLARE'S JOURNAL
FOR TEN YEARS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

June 27th.—I am at bonnie Burnbank once more, glad of its peace and quietness and loving ways. Grannie is angry (a very remarkable frame of mind for her)—very angry, at my treatment at Meadowlands. I have just done all my confession to her, and she is bent on writing to Mrs. Clay, but I shall try to persuade her not. Old Mr. Clay shook hands with me very kindly, when I left—but his wife would not even see me. Emily fretted, and Herbert drove me down to Stockbridge to meet the train. We consider ourselves, and his family consider us engaged; but there is to be no thought of our marrying at present, or for years to come. This makes me look on life with strangely different eyes; so much is accomplished, that there is no scope for the fancies and visions which make up some girls' youth. I am glad it is so; now I must set myself some work to do. Uncle Henry comes over soon to talk about our settling at Fern dell; but I have begged Grannie not to speak to him of Herbert and Meadowlands. Considering how matters are, I think the engagement had better be kept quiet. I hate being speculated upon and watched, as I should be were it known—especially so much as there is to know.

June 29th.—Mary Jane Curling arrived here, this afternoon, overflowing with happiness and consequence, to announce her approaching marriage with old Sir Simon Deering. It is a great thing for the family—the connection, I mean; for Sir Simon is supposed to have influential friends, who will help the Curling boys forward in their professions. She has asked me to be one of the bridesmaids on the occasion, and Grannie says I cannot decline without giving offence; so I suppose I must; but if my choice were given me, I certainly should not. I have been over to see Miss Lawson and Betsy, since tea, and found them much as they used to be; both reverted to their chairs, which I gave them when I came into possession of Uncle Robert's property. What a dreadful burden I found that property in idea then! Now, I am quite used to its possession, and bear it merrily enough. I don't think, by the bye, if I were to lose it to-morrow, the loss would afflict me.

Mrs. Lake, who knows some people in the neighborhood of Stockbridge, who are acquainted with all the Clay family, was asking me about them yesterday, in an inquisitive anxious manner, which caused me to suspect that she had heard a distorted version of recent events at Meadowlands, so I told her what had really occurred.

She felt about it much as Grannie feels; that is to say, very indignant; and besides she did not refrain from insinuating that the heiress of Fern dell might look higher in the world than to the son of a manufacturer. Mrs. Lake does not know Herbert Clay, or she would not say that. I might have answered, that once a gentleman, always a gentleman would apply to him, but I refrained. To compare him with such a man as young Curling, Freddy Price, or Sir Edward Singleton, seems a positive degradation. But it vexes me to feel that it is possible for anybody to look down upon him. If I could once show him here—his fine countenance, his intelligent, good countenance—no one would ever think of speaking slightly of him again! But I see no chance of that, while our engagement is unsanctioned.

I had a long letter from him to-day, chiefly written the night of the day I left Meadowlands. He still harps on the little rustic cottage—and says it has taken such a fast hold on his imagination, that he must go forth with and examine its interior capabilities of comfort. He hopes I do not mind granteur!

I almost wish now I had told him about Fern dell at once; but as I did not do it personally, I shall not tell him by letter—that would seem to attach more importance to it than it deserves. I am rather afraid of how the intelligence may strike him. He is a proud man, and I remember hearing him speak once of a person who had his money through his wife, as a feathered being, who had sold his liberty for ready cash. At the same time he declared that he would never be indebted to his wife for anything!

But it is of no use to fret myself with a thousand vain fancies. All will come right in the end; I know I was not born to be miserable. Once Mary Jane Curling would tell me my fortune by the cards, and she said I should be one of the most lucky people in the world, both as regards love and money. It would be nonsensical to say I believe her, but I really was pleased, and very much pleased, too; I like to look forward to bright things.

July 10th.—Uncle Henry has been and is gone again. He and I had one thorough good battle. It seems some meddlesome person had told him about Herbert Clay, and he was so insulting on the matter that I said to him, there were two or three points on which I would bear no interference, and that was the chief. I would marry where and whom I chose. He insisted that mine was a mere girlish whim, and that when I had seen a little more of the world I should be ashamed of my first fancy. Evil befall me if I am ashamed of Herbert!

July 17th.—Mary Jane Curling was married yesterday. Lady Deering, I must call her henceforward, with becoming respect. I went over the day before, all the company, or nearly all, being assembled. Anna Curling, the two Prices, and the two Coopers and myself were bridesmaids. None of Sir Simon's family were present; indeed, it is a fact generally known, that this marriage has given the greatest dissatisfaction. He has a son five-and-forty years old, and seven grand-children, two of them as old, if not older than Mary Jane. She was in the most exuberant spirits, and bade us all address her in private as Grandmamma. It would be affection to try to think that she loves Sir Simon. He is a very sour, ill-tempered person from his face, and as jealous of Mary Jane as he can be. It was very wrong, I know, but I could not forbear smiling as they stood together in church. It was a sunshiny morning which dragged every contrast forcibly into light. She looked broad and blooming—very blooming; her eyes rolled more, and her teeth

glittered more than usual even. Then he trembled as if he had anague, and, by some unlucky accident, the brown wig with which he has recently pleased him to hide his bald pate, had got pushed a little too high up on his head, and showed the poor white hair cut close to his neck. One of Mary Jane's Scotch cousins remarked to me that he wasn't a bonnie man at all. And she is right there.

After the ceremony there was a grand breakfast and the usual amount of speechifying. Sir Simon (it was very bad taste in him) had chosen young Sir Edward Singleton for his best man; and, whether his tender recollections were too much for him, or he is always so tongue tied, a very miserable oration he made for the bridesmaids. He is much improved in appearance since he came from abroad; he has lost his clownish air and gait, and looks, when he never seemed likely to do, a very fine gentleman indeed. He has a little affected insincere manner, which would become him better if, instead of being six feet two in height, he were a little man; then he speaks with a lisp and a drawl, and nervously twirls his bit of watch-chain, or pushes up his tawny hair, until he looks as fierce as a lion. Mary Jane would have found him a much more suitable mate than her dearest Sir Simon. I never saw her countenance change but once, and that was in his speech he made an awkward allusion to past events. She looked terrified, and Lady Singleton went ghastly white. Sir Simon said, "Eh! What? what?" and there was a little titter as Sir Edward recovered himself, and stammered out a few more broken phrases, and dropped into his chair like a man exhausted with some tremendous physical exertion. Everybody felt relieved; for it was no secret why Lady Singleton was so anxious to get her son away from Deerhill two years ago. For my part I don't think it would have been a bad match for him, all things considered. She is a dashing, self-possessed woman, and would have set the estate to rights much better than Lady Singleton is capable of doing. After the breakfast we had to collect all the old white satin shoes that could be found, and when the happy couple drove off, a shower was pelting after them with hearty good will. One slipper was sent with such true aim, that it knocked off the position's hat, and another struck Mary Jane's maid.

After they were gone, Captain Curling would have some games and races amongst the villagers who had assembled in the paddock below the house; and, as the day was fine, he got through it well enough, and without weariness. Lady Singleton joined me as I was going up the wood with Anna Curling. Anna was glad to return to the crowd, so Lydia Singleton and I took a walk together. She is what people combine to call a very charming, fascinating, worldy woman; and so I think she is. She flatters with her tongue, as if the practice were nothing new to her, and also as if there were something to be gained by it. She said some amiable things to me that made me feel angry and ashamed, yet I scarcely knew how to check her, there is so much earnestness of manner mingled with her plausibility and smoothness. She clasps her hands enthusiastically and says—"My dear, you must believe me; I always speak the literal truth—sometimes the too literal truth, and give offence; for you must know I have the reputation of making the harshest judgment"—a reputation I never heard of before, though it may be a fact, nevertheless. There is a sneaking about her that I distrust. After she had cackled closely, and uttered as many graceful compliments as I might be supposed capable of bearing at one time, she turned the conversation upon Sir Edward. He was the dearest son—the best, the most unselfish, the most affectionate of sons. So thoughtful for her; so generous to his tenants; so staid and methodical in his own personal expenses. I could have asked Lydia Singleton, Miss Thoroton's celebrated question, "Where she expected to go to tell so many palpable falsehoods?"

After our walk she had her carriage and drove home to Deerhill, but only to return in the evening to the ball. A great many more people assembled for that than had come for the breakfast. The scene was very gay, and I really enjoyed it. My first ball—that was a ball! I had partners enough; but Sir Edward Singleton was the person who chose to distinguish me the most—indeed, he never danced with anybody else. His mother invited him to the disagreeable exhibition, I know; but if she thought that, because I am young, I should be gratified by attracting the attention of the chief person there, she was lamentably mistaken. I hate to attract any particular notice, and then Sir Edward is not so intelligent or amusing as he would fain appear. In fact, I was exceeding weary of him. I wonder how all these people—lay themselves out to pay so much deference—would treat me if I lost Fern dell to morrow? In a very different style, indeed, I regret now that I did not do so. The best way to make amends will be to write at once and confess—no easy matter!

July 24th.—This morning I had a letter again from Herbert; it has made me restless and unhappy. What can be meant by saying I have not shown confidence in him? Can it refer to Fern dell? That is the only explanation I can discover. It would have been better to tell him myself when I was at Meadowlands, and I regret now that I did not do so. The best way to make amends will be to write at once and confess—no easy matter!

August 1st.—According to the post, I might have had a letter from Herbert yesterday morning, or again this morning, but none has come. Perhaps he is away on one of his business journeys, and has missed mine. The Singletons—Sir Edward especially—are very diligent in their visits at Burnbank. I am as stiff and disagreeable as I can be, because it is very easy to perceive that he and his mother are laying a vigorous siege to Fern dell, and I by no means intend the fortress should capitulate on any terms. Grannie encourages them, and occasionally throws out hints about the Clays: Cousin Jane asks, satirically, after "the commercial traveller" whenever I receive a letter, and yesterday, following ignorance of what Herbert is, she said, "Eleanor is your chosen sort of bagman, or packman, like Wandering Willie, who comes to sell the damsel's gown at the back door?" I said he was what our grandfather was, and her father is, a cotton-

spinner—neither more nor less; and she held her peace at once.

It is so silly to look at people's progenitors instead of themselves. I never can clearly understand on what principle it is done. I do not pretend to undervalue having come of a good stock, as the saying is. I should, for instance, feel ashamed and angry to hear that my great grandfather had been hanged for stealing; but I should feel just as much ashamed and just as angry if I were told that—standing in the class of gentlemen—he had been shot in a duel for cheating at play. Happily he was neither. He was a decent mechanic—a West Riding of Yorkshire man—very stubborn, very persevering, and very honest—qualities that I hope he has transmitted to his descendants. The Clays are of just the same class. Old grandfather Clay was a quareman, and worked as such in the neighborhood of Stockbridge. He married a beautiful factory-girl, and then was himself engaged in one of the great mills. For some improvement that he suggested in the machinery, his master gave him a good situation, and afterwards a share in the business. He and his wife had a large and fine family. All the sons are cotton-spinners, and the three daughters—married cotton-spinners. In fact, all the family is cotton. Herbert and Emily have inherited the personal beauty and fine moral character which raised their grandfather and grandmother from a low to a high position—yes, a high position! for even yet the kindness and liberality of the first Clays are proverbial in Stockbridge, and the present family inherit the respect they won.

Now, I cannot be persuaded that Herbert Clay is not a better man and better gentleman than Sir Edward Singleton, whose father's baronetcy was an election bribe; whose education was neglected at home, and finished abroad amongst the worst company. I suppose that he would be a shame even to know the life that young man has led since he came into the property. I have heard it hinted at years ago, when he wanted to marry Mary Jane Curling, and I have not forgotten it—am I glad I have not. I can see very plainly—though I choose to appear not to see—that even good old Grannie would like me to marry Sir Edward Singleton better than Herbert Clay. As if there was anything in that man to win a girl's love! I revolt from his ideas; ever since his visits here have become frequent, and their object palpable, I have experienced a species of loathing for him which is indescribable. I should be very glad if he were never again to come to Burnbank while we stay.

About the middle of September we move to Fern dell. The preparations are being made now. I wish I knew how Herbert received the intelligence my last letter conveyed to him.

August 2nd.—No letter from Herbert, again, this morning. What can it mean? Surely he is not angry!

August 3rd.—No letter.

August 4th.—Nothing again this morning! It is not kind in Herbert. He might be perfectly sure that my anxiety to hear from him would be intense. Cousin Jane teases me mercilessly about my "faithless bagman," as she persists in calling him, and wants to know when he will be home again.

August 5th.—No letter from Herbert, again, this morning. What can it mean? Surely he is not angry!

August 6th.—No letter.

August 7th.—Nothing again this morning! It is not kind in Herbert. He might be perfectly sure that my anxiety to hear from him would be intense. Cousin Jane teases me mercilessly about my "faithless bagman," as she persists in calling him, and wants to know when he will be home again.

August 8th.—While I was writing in my journal, yesterday afternoon, Mary Burton came up and knocked at the door, saying:

"If you please, Miss Eleanor, there is a gentleman who wishes to see you. I have showed him into the library," and she handed me a card, "Mr. Herbert Clay."

I ran down stairs in an instant, full of delight and happiness; but there was soon an end to all that! He received me frigidly! Oh, I can't describe how it was, or how I felt! Only I sat down, and all my color went as I looked in his face. He began to speak in a stiff, constrained way, about that being the earliest opportunity he had had of seeing me since he had received my letter, and before he had time to say three sentences, Cousin Jane appeared—curiously brought her. I introduced them, and the next moment Grannie, having learnt from Mary Burton who had come, entered too. She looked her loveliest and sat down opposite to Herbert, as if she intended to stay as long as he did. Cousin Jane was laughing internally, for she had discernment enough to see that she had interrupted a very critical interview, and having possessed herself of a book, she went away. Grannie made a few general observations on the state of the atmosphere, and then plunged into the main subject by observing that Mr. Herbert Clay's visit was an unexpected honor—her tone implied that it was also undesired. Herbert kept his temper wonderfully, and his countenance, too; for me, there was nothing to do but to sit it out as well as I could. I saw Grannie meant that any explanation there might be to make should pass in his presence. I held my peace, and Grannie said that she had understood from me he sought an alliance with her family, but that he strongly objected to it; for her part, her objections were really strong—stronger possibly than any Mr. and Mrs. Clay entertained.

Herbert passed that over, and came straight to the pith of what he had to say, and said with a manly pride and feeling which made my heart thrill.

"When I asked Eleanor Clare to be my wife, I did so under the impression that I should be able to raise her to an independent home—that, in fact, she was without fortune, and that I could make her happy. Since then, I have learnt from herself that her position is different—changes our relations to each other entirely."

"Our positions are what they always were," I interrupted, but Grannie stopped me with a warning look, and he went on as I had never spoken.

"And this being the case, I am ready, if she desires it, to release her from her engagement."

I was startled, shocked inexpressibly, and the blood flew into my face; but, standing up, I replied with as much pride and dignity as I could muster; her crimson velvet

"I accept your resignation, sir." I did not believe, until he said that, his love for me would have outweighed all other considerations; but it seemed that I deceived myself.

Grannie added,

"I must say that my grandchild has replied as is most fitting she should reply to your curt rejection of her."

Herbert attempted to speak, but she would not permit him.

"It is a rejection, sir—it is an insult! If I had been in your place, I would have known how to value her better than to lose her for a scruple of pride!"

To think of Grannie saying that! and so fierce she looked! Herbert would have his word now, and said a few phrases which showed all he felt; but Grannie did not take them in their right sense, so I said,

"Fear no misunderstanding from me, Herbert Clay; I know your sentiments. You will give your wife all, and accept from her nothing but herself—it may be very chivalrous," and then I felt sarcastic and bitter and miserable, and Grannie gave him a haughty "Good day to you, sir!" and he departed. Did I not always say that Fern dell would be the plague and sorrow of my life? But I did not think it would take this turn of all others. So that is over and done with—Love's young dream!

August 6th.—Last night I felt angry, proud and stung to the quick. It was honorable in Herbert Clay, but somehow I would rather he had not found it so easy to give me up, that he had proved more selfish, in fact; but that would not have been like himself. There has been a total silence on the subject since he went. Grannie is relieved, probably, but she will not show it; and Cousin Jane has given up teasing. I could not bear it. I don't feel disposed to fret, or seek retirement for what has happened; my spirit is up and resentful. I wonder how Herbert bears it, for, say what you will, he loves me. We are a pair of young fools! Perhaps he expected me to say that I would not desire our engagement broken.

I make a vow to myself I will write his name in my book no more. I will not be a plining, love-sick maiden for anybody! To-morrow night I shall dine at Deerhill with Grannie, and flirt with Sir Edward.

August 30th.—I have a mind to score out that last sentence; but it would show if I did, so it may even stand as it is—the wilful suggestion of a very miserable moment. I did not find it so easy to give up as I did, but that I could not stand it. I am relieved that is over, as it had to be; now, I shall be delivered from the smooth flattering of his mother and the burden of his presence wherever I go. He professed a good amount of lumbering, honest affection, but as I knew privately he cared not a sou for me, I did not commiserate him in the smallest degree. When he was gone, Grannie came up to me curious and anxious. She was disappointed at the issue, and said she had thought for some time past, that I was retreating towards the poor gentleman—and asked if I did not mean to reconsider it. I said No, decided.

January 10th.—Sir Edward Singleton is done with at last. He rode over from Mr. Napier's at Burley this morning, proposed in due form, and departed a rejected man. I am relieved that is over, as it had to be; now, I shall be delivered from the smooth flattering of his mother and the burden of his presence wherever I go. He professed a good amount of lumbering, honest affection, but as I knew privately he cared not a sou for me, I did not commiserate him in the smallest degree. When he was gone, Grannie came up to me curious and anxious. She was disappointed at the issue, and said she had thought for some time past, that I was retreating towards the poor gentleman—and asked if I did not mean to reconsider it. I said No, decided.

January 15th.—Cousin Jane is going to be married to Mr. Scrope, the rector at Burnside. This will be, what folks call, a most suitable and equal marriage—and I am glad of it; even Cousin Henry, who is generally so more than hard to please, expresses himself fully satisfied. Jane proposes, half in jest and half in earnest, that as a matter of course, I shall make them a wedding present. I shall in my munificence, give them a new church—why should I not? Whatever sum Wastelands has laid on my desk unopened. There is nothing particular to chronicle; it seems to be a good amount of lumbering, honest affection, but as I knew privately he cared not a sou for me, I did not commiserate him in the smallest degree. When he was gone, Grannie came up to me curious and anxious. She was disappointed at the issue, and said she had thought for some time past, that I was retreating towards the poor gentleman—and asked if I did not mean to reconsider it. I said No, decided.

February 10th.—To-day we laid the foundation stone of Burnside church. It is to be built upon a beautiful knoll at the back of the village, which it will overlook. The grave yard is to slope down to the pasture-fields, which are divided from it by the beck. I intend to be buried there myself some day. I stayed with Grannie at the rectory for a week, and enjoyed it. Since Jane was married, she has quite lost her fluffy old-maidish ways, and has blossomed into a very pleasing, sensible, active wife. Her house, old and inconvenient as it is, looks quite clean and pretty; but, I think, I must give them a new rectory too. Mr. Scrope is a very good man, and sets immense store by Jenny, as he calls her. I have a nook in my eye, not far from the church, where the new rectory will be built.

June 27th.—Next month there is to be a great bazaar at Stockbridge towards defraying the expenses of rebuilding the old church. I am

known to many among the crowd. The fellow saw me—a low, black-browed man he was—nature had writ him villain on his face—and he forthwith launched into a philippic against "the purse-pride aristocracy, who ride over the poor man's neck and fling 'is bit of bread from 'is lips." Burton renewed his entreaties that I would come away, but it was such a novelty to be abused, that I stayed to hear it. After a few general denunciations which seemed to take well enough, the man thought to point a moral personally at me, and with a curiously sarcastic air spoke of "snorting horses and chariots, and pampered menials in the livery of slaves; acres of corn growing for the waste of one fine lady, while their children fainted for bread."

There was a hiss in the crowd, whether for me or for him I neither knew nor cared; I sat still waiting for what would come next. This came. The tub-orator proceeded to say that I had come there to gloat over their misery, and his rose to a yell; as soon as that ceased, a voice called out in the crowd, "Thou less! keep a civil tongue 't thee head. You's Miss Clare fra' Fern dell?" and one or two of those nearest to me touched their caps respectfully. Burton brought tidings this morning, that this famous orator had been beaten by the mob, and ducked in Blackmoss for making offensive remarks about the Clay family, who are at present the only mill owners in Stockbridge who are not out of favor. The man had not learnt his lesson thoroughly, and struck out right and left at popular and unpoppish with a very unlucky impatience. I must say that he was gratified to learn that he had met with condign punishment at the hands of his worshippers.

May 20th, 1848.—It is a very rare thing for me now to take out my old journal;

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Herbert;" so he sat down on a chair with his back to us, and stayed till she was ready to go. "He bowed to Lady Mary in passing, but I don't think he saw me, for I was behind the drapery that divides our stalls. He looks several years older and better than he used to do, for he has lost the boyish air he had. Lady Mary said he was a fine young fellow, and that since he brought the strike to that happy ending he was very highly thought of in the county. Some one wished him to stand for Stockbridge at the last election, but he declined; his father's health is failing, and he must supply his place in the business. I was not introduced to Miss Hargrave, and Emily, in all her conversations, never alluded to her. On the closing day of the bazaar, Mrs. Clay condescended to acknowledge me with a bow; she must have seen me before, but our eyes never met, and neither could possibly feel disposed to make any advance to the other. She is become very gray, and begins to look quite the old woman, but the tyrannical, domineering spirit is not dead in her.

Miss Thoroton, Miss Smallwood, Mademoiselle, and all the young ladies paid our stall a visit, and poor Miss Thoroton observed that it was the proudest day of her life in which she learned that she had had the training of the heiress of Fernell; then she pretended to seek me for the reticence that had kept it secret all the while I was at school, and ended by inviting me to renew Stockbridge reminiscences by going to dine with her. I could not accept then, but I promised to go some day next week, and hear all her gossip about my former companions—perhaps she will be able to tell me something about Miss Alice.

August 24th.—Oh, I was sadly shocked yesterday! It was one of the furthest things from my thoughts that Alice should be dead, and I have been all along reproaching her for never writing to me. So quietly did Miss Thoroton tell it, too—unfeeling.

I said, as she was talking on and on about one girl and another, for whom I never cared, "But can you tell me what has become of Miss Alice?" and she replied, "My dear, did you not know? She has been dead these two years, and more! When was it? Miss Smallwood—in March or April?"

"I believe it was in August," said Miss Smallwood.

I was so painfully struck, that for several minutes I could not speak at all, and Miss Thoroton went on—

"We heard of her death by the mere chance; it was in this way. When she left us, I could not reconcile it with my conscience either to find her a situation or recommend her to any family (her conduct had been so very insubordinate while with us), but she obtained, by her own arts (she was a talented girl, and there were those who liked her), a situation in a clergyman's house, as governess to two children.

STORY OF INCLEDON.—We remember a story of Incledon, the once famous vocalist, that fits an affair of honor? most capitally. Poor Incledon was one of the unscrupulous, and said and did a great many things out of sheer simplicity that had been much better left unsaid and undone. Something of this kind gave offence to a gentleman with whom Incledon happened to fall in company, and the offended party resolved upon satisfaction. He sought out the singer accordingly, and was lucky enough to find him enjoying his bottle of port, one fine afternoon, at a noted hotel. "Mr. Incledon," says the waiter, "a gentleman wishes to see you, sir." "Show him up, then," says Incledon. "Sir," said the visitor, in a towering passion, "I'm told that you have been making free with my name, in a very improper manner, and I have come to demand satisfaction." After some parleying, Incledon rose, put on his hat, and planting himself on one side of the room, began warbling Black-Eyed Susan, in his most delicious style. When he had finished, "There, sir," said he, "that has given complete satisfaction to several thousands, and if you want anything more, I've only to say, you're the most unreasonable fellow I ever met with."

ONE A Gentleman having fallen into the river Esse, relating it to Sir T. A., said, "You will suppose I was pretty wet?" "Yes," said the baronet, "wet, certainly, in the Extreme."

ONE YOUNG LADY.—Well, Adolphus, I suppose you find yourself as successful as ever with the fair sex?

ONE DOLPHUS (surveying her dimensions) —Yes, but I find it takes me longer to get round them!

ONE IT is not by attacks on the false, but by the calm exposition of the truth, that good is to be done.—Goethe.

ONE A KEEN REPORT.—A preacher not one hundred miles from this, while contending, as he thought, for the "ancient order of things," by ridiculing the doctrine of a call to the ministry, as proof that there is no such call, observed, that he never believed he was called to preach.—And no person else ever believed it, said an acquaintance standing by.

ONE M. H. thinks that every nation has a peculiar smell, and hence was always detected and harked at by Chinese dogs, though dressed as a Chinese! The odor of Chinaman is something like musk, and they all know the smell of a European, though it is well understood that we smell less strongly than other nations.

ONE THE SHIPBUILDER'S OPINION OF WHITFIELD.—A shipbuilder was once asked what he thought of Mr. Whitfield. "Think?" he replied; "I tell you, sir, every Sunday that I go to my parish church, I can build a ship from stem to stern under the sermon; but we I to save my soul, under Mr. W. I could not lay a single plank."

ONE A MOUNTAIN OF SALT.—REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.—The latest wonderful discovery, says the St. Louis Democrat of the 22nd ult., is a specimen of salt rock handed us yesterday by Mr. Nettleton, clerk of the steamer *Galveston*. It comes from a hill, or mountain of the same material, just discovered in the Mississippi river, on the Missouri, and about 75 miles from St. Louis. It is stated to be the steamer *Galveston* that contains a piece of quartz rock, and is a little mixed with a substance resembling iron ore. It has a white, sweet taste, and when ground to powder is as white as any of the table salt now in general use. If we are not misinformed, this hill of salt will prevent immense speculation to its owners, and will cheapen the price of salt to the value of that article very materially in this city.

ONE THE GRAIN CROP OF ONE STATE ALONE.—The Chicago press (from the most reliable data,) estimates that there will be produced in the State of Illinois, the present year, of bushels, 35,000,000. Oats, rye, barley and buckwheat, 60,000,000.

ONE Total of grain in bushels, 95,000,000. This vast product of one of our grain growing States, taking our population at 30,000,000, gives to each man, woman and child through the whole country, nine and a half bushels of grain toward their sustenance. We doubt the figures a little—but it shows, at least, that some of the Western people think the crops have been very large ones.

ONE A TRUE BILL.—A child often places a row of bricks in order, and then topples over the first, for the fun of seeing the others tumble too. When a brick falls over among the "brokers" of the New York Stock exchange, in other words, when the "bears" have brought stock down to the lowest possible pitch, the command does not end when it begins; the banks and brokers, for their "collateral," merchants for their collections, retired individuals for their investments, and just now we have a lamentable example before us of the inevitable consequences of all gambling money transactions. The whole origin and source to certain professional panic makers and speculators in New York—*Country Gentlemen*.

ONE M. Circle Labre, of Rheims, has manufactured a new sparkling red wine which is much sought after in Paris. A Frenchman says:—"It is as red as the blood of a warrior; it sparkles with life, and foams like the wake of a frigate."

ANECDOTE OF THE TELEGRAPH.

"I think the most curious fact, taken altogether, that I ever heard of the electric telegraph, was told me by a cashier of the Bank of England. You may have heard of it. It may have been in print. I am sure it deserves to be. Once upon a time, then, on a certain Saturday night, the folks at the Bank of England, could not make the balance come right, by just £100. This is a curious matter in that little establishment; I do not mean the cash, but the mistake in arithmetic: for it occasioned a world of vexation. A hue and cry was made over all the dangerous and active poisons to be kept and delivered to their patients in the locked bottles, there could be no mistaking one bottle for another, as it requires the use of the key to enable a person to remove the stopper, and on placing the stopper in the bottle it locks itself.

By the Emperor's special command, the French Minister of Marine has issued an order to all captains of ships of war to give every aid to English vessels conveying troops to India, and to take them in tow when becalmed.

ONE DIRTY SCAMP.—A fellow in Brooklyn, New York, has been compelled to pay one hundred and fifty dollars damages to a woman, for splitting in her face. Serv'd him right.

WOOL GROWING—Ohio is said to be the greatest wool-growing State in the Union. Six millions of dollars' worth has been raised there this year.

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ONE WELL DESERVED COMPLIMENT.—The Norfolk (Virginia) papers say that the Navy Department has given orders that the Norwegian bark Ellen, Captain Johnson, which saved the lives of forty-nine of the passengers of the ill-fated Central America, shall be repaid at the Government's expense, and supplied with two months' provisions, for her voyage to Europe.

ONE HONORABLE PRESENT.—The President of the United States, it is said, has presented the Captain of the Norwegian bark Ellen, who saved some of the passengers and crew of the ill-fated Central America, with a fine gold medal.

ONE THE CIGAR IN ILLINOIS.—Grape culture is becoming quite a business in Monroe County, Illinois. It is estimated that the citizens of that county will market 150,000 gallons of wine, which, at present, will amount to \$100,000.

ONE A MINISTER IN ILLINOIS.—We learn from the Chicago Tribune that a minister who had been a school teacher, and who had been a student at Princeton, has been appointed to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Chicago.

ONE THE BARK OF THE DRAKES.—There has been a steady demand for Quercetin, which is the bark of the Drakes, and the quantity of the stocks are well maintained. Small sizes of bark are \$2.50 per lb., prime Southern and Western red, \$2.75 per lb., and \$3.00 per lb. for extra family. Estimated sales are making up to \$7 for each ton.

ONE GRAIN.—There has been a fair amount of wheat offered, but the demand for it has been limited, and prices are lower. The market is \$1.25 per bushel, and \$1.50 per bushel for extra family.

ONE PROVISIONS.—The transactions in all descriptions of provisions have been steady, and the quantity of the stocks are well maintained. Small sizes of bacon are \$2.50 per lb., prime Southern and Western red, \$2.75 per lb., and \$3.00 per lb. for extra family.

ONE THE BARK OF THE DRAKES.—There is very little here, but the demand for it has been limited, and prices are lower. The market is \$1.25 per bushel, and \$1.50 per bushel for extra family.

ONE COTTON.—The receipts and stocks continue light. There has been but little inquiry—the leading manufacturers having already secured their supplies, and no anxiety to re-take, except for canes. Sales are \$1.50 per bushel, and \$1.75 per bushel for extra family.

ONE DRUGS AND DYES.—But little doing in any description of drugs and dyes. Small sizes of Soda Ash at \$1.50 per bushel, and \$1.75 per bushel for extra family.

ONE FEATHERS.—Are but little injured after the last frost. The market is \$1.25 per lb., and \$1.50 per lb. for extra family.

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NEWS ITEMS.

POISONING BY MISTAKE.—Messrs. Stevens and Pitch, Plumbe, England, have invented a locked bottle, self-acting, especially for the purpose of keeping poisons in. If physicians and surgeons were to order all dangerous and active poisons to be kept and delivered to their patients in the locked bottles, there could be no mistaking one bottle for another, as it requires the use of the key to enable a person to remove the stopper, and on placing the stopper in the bottle it locks itself.

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Wit and Humor.

THE WAY A YANKEE MADE A DOZEN CHICKENS.—One of those peculiarly slab-sided, gaunt Yankees, which the prolific soil down east produces in abundance, lately emigrated and settled down in the vicinity of Chestnut Hill. He was the very picture of a mean, shifty Yankee, but as he put himself to work in good earnest to get his house to rights, the neighbors willingly lent him a hand. After he got everything fixed to his notion, a thought struck him that he had no chickens, and he was powerful fond of sucking raw eggs. He was too honest to steal them, and too mean to buy them. At last a thought struck him—he could borrow. He went to a neighbor, and accosted him:

"Wal, I reckon you haint got no old hen nor nothing you would lend me for a few weeks?"

"I will lend you one with pleasure," replied his neighbor, picking out one of the finest in the coop. The Yankee took the hen home, and then went to another neighbor and borrowed a dozen of eggs. He set the hen on the eggs, and in due course of time she hatched out a dozen of chickens. The Yankee was again puzzled—he could return the hen, but how was he to return the eggs? Another idea, and whoever saw a Yankee without one—came to his relief—he would keep the hen until she laid a dozen eggs. He then returned the hen and the eggs to their respective owners—returning as he did so:

"Wal, I guess I've got as fine a dozen of chickens as you ever laid your eyes on, and they didn't cost me a cent neither."

THE JUDGE PUNCHED.—At the Kerry (Ireland) Assizes, a witness was examined in an action of trover of a cow. He completely bewildered judge, counsel, and jury, by his description of the animal in question.

Counsel—What kind of cow, as to color and appearance, was she?

Witness—(pausing and looking big)—Why, you see, she was, as a body may say, a blanket cow in the pants of calving.

Court—What color, witness, did you say? Do you mean to say she had a blanket on her?

Witness—Pshaw! a blanket on her; sure I'm telling you, a black-white cow—a bracket cow.

His lordship's apprehension did not seem much further enlightened, when the witness, in answer to further questions, stooped over to the bench, and, in a "private and confidential" manner, though intended solely for his lordship's ear, but with a railway rapidity of utterance, went on—

"You see, my lord, a blanket is what we call a cow that is white under the belly of her; black, my lord, in her fore parts and hind quarters, and white in the middle."

His lordship here looked "helpless," and finally closed his eyes, and leaned back in his chair, when the witness added—

"A spriger, your lordship, as you may say, and in calf shanafough, three years, rising four."

RATHER EXCITED.—The following occurred recently at a church which has, we are told, something of a reputation for its noisy mode of worship. During an evening prayer meeting, one member was praying with much earnestness and an abundance of soul, rubbing and rattling his hands, shouting at the top of his voice, whilst a number of other members were chiming in, endorsing what the praying member said, and joining in the entreaty and supplication by such exclamations as "yes," "do, Lord," "yes, Lord," &c., the praying member went on with his prayer, growing more and more excited, more animated, more enraptured, more beseeching, supplicating and imploring—saying—"come down here, Lord—come right down among us—come right here—o-night—come right through the roof."

Another member equally excited and enthusiastic, and who it seems was carried away by the shouting brother, had the tantrums as bad, here joined in and said, "Yes, come, Lord, right down through the roof, and I'll pay for the shingles!"

NEVER TOO LATE.—It is never too late to do right; as, for instance, a gentleman began to study grammar after he had written for the press ten years. It is never too late to get married; Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, took her first husband at five hundred and eighty. It is never too late to drop any habit; James, the novelist, wrote sixty-nine volumes before he could shake off his "solitary habit." It is never too late to be a "wide awake" character; an old gentleman who has ceased to read the daily *Banbury*, has entirely recovered from the sleepiness that used to afflict him. It is sometimes too late to "pop the question;" a man once did so to a "charming viddier;" just as she had reached her house after burying her first husband; "You are too late," was the reply, "the deacon spoke to the grave!"—*Picayune*.

INCREDOLOUS.—"I'm not very incredulous," said Mrs. Partington, looking up from the paper and glancing over her spectacles at Ike, who sat making a windmill out of the frame of his slate, "and believe as much as any rational person ought to. I have believed all about the Devilport boys, and the other wonderful things and all that has been said again 'em; and the story of a man's climbing a pole and pulling it up after him, and of the actor that held himself out at arm's length, but it is beyond my belief that a cargo of molasses could 'change hands." She passed the paper from her right hand to her left, as though it were a hoghead of molasses, and then resumed her reading with a profound idea that the editor in reading the statement was humbugging her.—*Boston Gazette*.

How it Came to Pass.—A lady asked a very silly Scotch nobleman, how it happened that the Scotch who came out of their own country, were, generally speaking, men of more abilities than those who remained at home.

"Oh! madam," he said, "the reason is obvious. At every outlet there are persons destined to examine all who pass, that for the honor of the country no one be permitted to leave it who is not a man of understanding."

"Then," said she, "I suppose your lordship was smuggled."

HOW TO TELL.

Here is a "bit of advice" to young ladies, setting forth how they may know whether a young gallant is really "courting" them, or only paying them "polite attention." The confounding the one with the other has been the source of very much trouble, both before and since the era of Mr. Pickwick and Mrs. Bardell:

A young man admires a pretty girl, and must manifest it. He can't help doing so for the life of him. The young lady has a tender heart, reaching out like vine tendrils for something to cling to. She sees the admiration; is flattered; begins soon to love; expects some tender avowal; and perhaps gets so far as to decide that she will choose a "white satin under that guaze," &c., at the very moment that the gallant the half loves is popping the question to another damsel ten miles off!

Now the difficulty lies in not precisely understanding the difference between "polite attentions" and the tender manifestations of love. Admiring a beautiful girl, and wishing to make a wife of her, are not always the same thing; and therefore it is necessary that the damsel should be on the alert to discover to which class the attentions paid her by handsome and fashionable young gentlemen belong.

First, then, if a young man greets you in a loud, free and hearty tone; if he knows precisely where to put his hands; if he stares you straight in the eye, with his mouth wide open; if he turns his back to you to speak to another; if he tells you who made his coat; if he squeezes your hand; if he sits heartily in your presence; if he fails to talk very kindly to your mother; if, in short, he sneezes when you are singing, criticizes your curls, or fails to be foolish fifty times every hour, then don't fall in love with him for the world! He only admires you, let him say what he will to the contrary.

On the other hand, if he be merry with everybody else, but quiet with you; if he be anxious to see if you are sufficiently sweetened, and your dear person well wrapped up when you go out into the cold; if he talks very low and never looks you steadily in the eye; if his cheeks are red and his nose only blushes, it is enough. If he romps with your sister, sighs like a pair of old bellows, looks solemn when you are addressed by another gentleman, and in fact is the most still, awkward, stupid, yet anxious of all your male friends, you may go ahead and make the poor fellow too happy for his skin to hold him!

Young ladies! keep your hearts in a case of good leather, or some other tough substance, until the right one is found beyond a doubt, after which you can go on and love and "court" and be married and happy, without the least bit of trouble.

We consider this advice so sensible, that although it is somewhat open to the charge of bluntness, we have no hesitation in presenting it upon the attention of our lady readers.

HOW TO EAT WISELY.

Dr. Hall, in his journal, gives the following advice, which like the doctor's advice generally, is worth considering: "1. Never sit down to a table with an anxious or disturbed mind; better a hundredfold to sit that meal, for there will then be that much more food in the world for hungrier stomachs than yours; and besides, eating under such circumstances, can only and will always prolong and aggravate the condition of things. 2. Never sit down to a meal after any intense mental effort, for physical and mental injury are inevitable, and no man has a right to deliberately injure body, mind, or estate. 3. Never go to a full table during bodily exhaustion—designated by some as being worn out, tired to death, used up, done over, and the like. The wisest thing you can do under such circumstances is to take a cracker and a cup of warm tea, either black or green, and no more. In ten minutes you will feel a degree of refreshment and liveliness which will be pleasantly surprising to you; not of the transient kind which a glass of liquor affords, but permanent; for the tea gives prompt stimulus and a little strength, and before it subsides nutriment begins to be drawn from the sugar and cream, and bread, thus allowing the body gradually, and by safe degrees, to regain its usual vigor. Then, in a couple of hours, you may take a full meal, provided it does not bring it later than two hours before sundown; if later, then take nothing for that day in addition to the cracker and tea, and the next day you will feel a freshness and vigor not recently known."

No reader will require to be advised a second time, who will make a trial as above, whilst it is a fact of unusual observation among intelligent physicians, that eating heartily under bodily exhaustion is not unfrequently the cause of alarming and painful illness, and sometimes sudden death. These things being so, let every family make it a point to assemble around the family board with kindly feelings, with a cheerful humor, and a courageous spirit; and let that member of it be sent from it in disgrace, who presumes to mar the ought-to-be-blessed reunion by sullen silence, impatient look, or angry tone, or complaining tongue. Eat in thankful gladness, or away with you to the kitchen, you graceless churl, you ungrateful pestilent lout that you are. There was a grand and good philosophy in the old-time custom of having a buffoon or music at the dinner table.

HABITS IN THE PULPIT.—A correspondent of the Christian Reflector, is holding up a few pictures, true to life, for the notice of such of his clerical friends as may have need of them, hoping the *refection* will do no harm. He says—

"I notice in some cases a *Handkerchief* habit in the pulpit, which has led me to inquire if the use of that very necessary article is in a part of theological training. I notice some ministers take it out of their pockets, as they do their sermon, and lay it on the pulpit. Some spread it out lengthwise through the middle of the Bible; some roll it up, and tuck it under the Bible; some shake it every few moments over their heads; some clench it in their hand, as if they were going to throw it at the audience; and some keep crowding it into their pockets, and pulling it out again, with a nervous movement, as if they did not know what other use to make of their hands. I went once to hear a *popular* young preacher, and as much as half of his sermon was made up of pocket-handkerchief; and the most of the other half was gold watch and scraps of poetry."

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